



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Subject
759
C. 220

The
Young and Field
LITERARY
READERS

Book Two

CT 759.16.980 (2)

Harvard College Library



LIBRARY OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

COLLECTION OF TEXT-BOOKS
CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS

TRANSFERRED

HARV

70



3 2044 081 498 867

THE YOUNG AND FIELD LITERARY READERS

Book Two

BY

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools

AND

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

Author of "Fingerposts to Children's Reading," "Rome," Etc

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright



GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
DEPT. OF EDUCATION LIBRARY
GIFT OF THE PUBLISHER

JUN 20 1916

Educ.T 759.16.980(2)

✓

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ELLA FLAGG YOUNG
AND WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

116.3

TRANSFERRED TO
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

1938



The Athenaeum Press
GINN AND COMPANY • PRO-
PRIETORS • BOSTON • U.S.A.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Dear Boys and Girls:

Do you like fairy stories?

You do not need to tell us.

We know you like them.

So we are going to give you some to read.

You may have heard some of these stories before, but not many of them.

Some have come from far across the sea, and some have come from our own country.

Mothers have told them to their children again and again, and children have never been tired of them.

We think you will like them, too.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The poems of Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman and Miss Abbie Farwell Brown are used by special arrangement with the Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following publishers and authors for permission to use copyrighted material: to Charles Scribner's Sons for poems from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Rhymes and Jingles"; to the Macmillan Company for poems from Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song"; to Little, Brown, and Company for poems from Mrs. Laura E. Richards's "In My Nursery"; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for the use of Sir George Webbe Dasent's version of the story "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," from "Popular Tales from the Norse," as the basis for our story of the same name; to the A. Flanagan Company and Miss Flora J. Cooke for the use of "The Rainbow Bridge," from Miss Cooke's "Nature Myths," in a similar way; to Miss Marion Florence Lansing for permission to adapt her dramatized Hindu Tale, "The Man's Boot," from "Quaint Old Stories," in our story "The Shoe"; to Mr. William Hawley Smith for permission to use his poem "A Child's Prayer."

CONTENTS

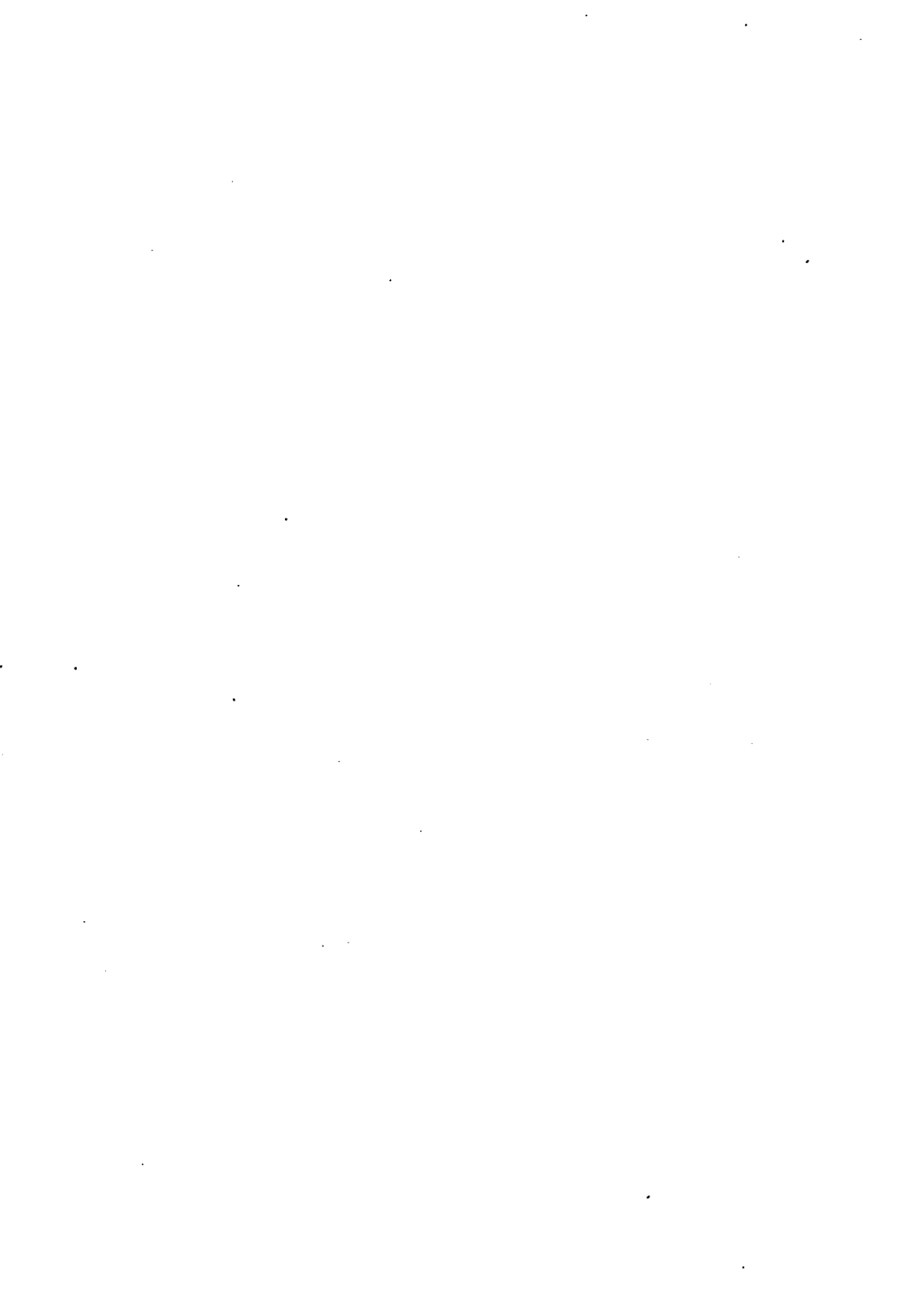
ENGLISH FAIRY TALES	PAGE
CHILDE ROWLAND	11
TOM TIT TOT	25
POEMS BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	
LAMBKINS	37
FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER	38
CORAL	39
THE SWALLOW	40
WRENS AND ROBINS	41
BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS	42
FABLES FROM ÆSOP	
THE LION AND THE MOUSE	43
THE HONEST WOODCUTTER	45
THE WOLF AND THE CRANE	49
THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE	51
THE WIND AND THE SUN	54
THE ANT AND THE DOVE	56
THE LARK AND HER NEST	58
THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW	61
THE FOX AND THE GRAPES	63
POEMS BY MARY MAPES DODGE	
FOUR LITTLE BIRDS	64
IN THE BASKET	65
COUSIN JEREMY	66
LITTLE MISS LIMBERKIN	66
SNOWFLAKES	67
HOLLYHOCK	68
GERMAN FAIRY TALES	
THE LITTLE PINE TREE	69
THE FAITHFUL BEASTS	75

POEMS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	PAGE
WHERE GO THE BOATS?	85
AT THE SEASIDE	87
RAIN	87
AUTUMN FIRES	88
THE WIND	89
HINDU FABLES	
THE TIMID HARES	91
THE SHOE	97
THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL	102
POEMS BY LAURA E. RICHARDS	
THE BUMBLEBEE	106
LITTLE BROWN BOBBY	107
JIPPY AND JIMMY	108
THE SONG OF THE CORN POPPER	109
A FRENCH FAIRY TALE	
THE FAIRY	111
A NORSE FOLK TALE	
EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON	119
POEMS BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN	
THE SAILOR	135
A MUSIC BOX	137
AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS	
LITTLE SCAR-FACE	138
THE HUNTER WHO FORGOT	148
THE WATER LILY	156
RUSSIAN FABLES	
FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR	160
THE SPIDER AND THE BEE	163
THE STONE AND THE WORM	165
THE FOX IN THE ICE	167

CONTENTS

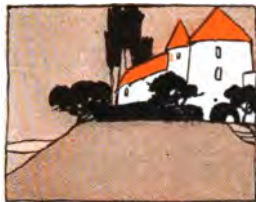
7

POEMS BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN	PAGE
CLOUDS	169
GHOST FAIRIES	171
DAISIES	173
OLD GREEK STORIES	
THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE STAR GIANT	174
THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS	180
THE RAINBOW BRIDGE	186
POEMS OLD AND NEW	
THANK YOU, PRETTY COW <i>Jane Taylor</i>	189
PLAYGROUNDS <i>Laurence Alma-Tadema</i>	190
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP <i>German Cradle Song</i>	191
A CHILD'S PRAYER <i>William Hawley Smith</i>	192
LISTS OF WORDS FOR PHONETIC DRILL	193
LIST OF NEW WORDS ARRANGED BY LESSONS	202



THE YOUNG AND FIELD
LITERARY READERS
BOOK TWO





ENGLISH FAIRY TALES

CHILDE ROWLAND

Once upon a time
there was a little princess.

Her name was Ellen.

She lived with her mother the queen
in a great house by the sea.

She had three brothers.

One day, as they were playing ball,
one of her brothers threw the ball
over the house.

Ellen ran to get it,
but she did not come back.

The three brothers looked for her.

They looked and looked,
but they could not find her.

Day after day went by.

At last the oldest brother went
to a wise man and asked what to do.

"The princess is with the elves.
She is in the Dark Tower,"
said the wise man.

"Where is the Dark Tower?"
asked the oldest brother.

"It is far away," said the wise man.
"You cannot find it."

"I can and I will find it.
Tell me where it is,"
said the oldest brother.

The wise man told him,
and the oldest brother set off at once.

The other brothers waited.

They waited long, but the oldest brother did not come back.

Then the next brother went to the wise man.

The wise man told him as he had told the oldest brother.

Then the next brother set out to find the Dark Tower.

The youngest brother waited.

He waited long, but no one came.

Now the youngest brother was called Childe Rowland.



At last Childe Rowland went to his mother the queen and said:

"Mother, let me go and find the Dark Tower and bring home Ellen and my brothers."

"I cannot let you go. You are all that I have, now," said the queen.

But Childe Rowland asked again and again, till at last the queen said, "Go, my boy."

Then she gave him his father's sword, and he set out.

He went to the wise man and asked the way.

The wise man told him and said:

"I will tell you two things. One thing is for you to do, and one thing is for you not to do.



"The thing to do is this:
When you get to the country
of the elves, take hold
of your father's sword,
pull it out quickly,
and cut off the head
of any one who speaks to you,
till you find the princess Ellen.

"The thing not to do is this:
Bite no bit and drink no drop
till you come back.
Go hungry and thirsty while you are
in the country of the elves."

Childe Rowland said
the two things over and over,
so that he should not forget.

Then he went on his way.

He went on and on and on,
till he came to some horses
with eyes of fire.

Then he knew he was
in the country of the elves.

A man was with the horses.

"Where is the Dark Tower?"
asked Childe Rowland.

"I do not know," said the man.
"Ask the man that keeps the cows."



Childe Rowland thought of what the wise man had told him.

He pulled out his father's sword, and off went the man's head.

Then Childe Rowland went on and on, till he came to some cows with eyes of fire.

The man who kept the cows looked at Childe Rowland.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked Childe Rowland.

"I cannot tell. Ask the woman that keeps the hens," said the man.

Childe Rowland took the sword, and off went the man's head.



Then Childe Rowland went on and on, till he came to some hens with eyes of fire.

An old woman was with them.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked Childe Rowland.

"Go on and look for a hill," said the old woman.

"Go around the hill three times. Each time you go around say:

'Open, door! open, door!

Let me come in.'

When you have gone three times around, a door will open. Go in."

Childe Rowland did not like
to cut off the head of the old woman,
but he thought of what
the wise man had told him.

So he took hold of the sword,
and off went her head.

After this he went on and on
and on, till he came to a hill.

He went three times around it,
and each time he said:

“Open, door! open, door!
Let me come in.”

When he had gone three times
around, a door opened. In he went.



The door shut after him,
and he was in the dark.

Soon he began to see a dim light.

It seemed to come from the walls.

He went down a long way,
and at last he came to another door.

All at once it flew open,
and he found himself in a great hall.

The walls were of gold and silver,
and were hung with diamonds.

How the diamonds shone!

And there sat the princess Ellen
in a great chair of gold,
with diamonds all about her head.

When she saw Childe Rowland,
she came to him and said:

"Brother, why are you here?
If the king of the elves comes,
it will be a sad day for you."



But this did not frighten
Childe Rowland. He sat down
and told her all that he had done.

She told him that the two brothers
were in the tower.

The king of the elves
had turned them into stone.

Soon Childe Rowland began
to be very hungry, and asked
for something to eat.

Ellen went out and soon came back
with bread and milk in a golden bowl.

Childe Rowland took it
and was about to eat.

All at once he thought
of what the wise man had said.

So he threw the bowl down
upon the floor, and said :

“ Not a bit will I bite,
Not a drop will I drink,
Till Ellen is free.”

Then they heard a great noise
outside, and some one cried out :

“ Fee-fi-fo-fum !
I smell the blood
Of an Englishman ! ”

The door of the hall flew open and
the king of the elves came in.

Childe Rowland took his sword.

They fought and they fought.

At last Childe Rowland
beat the king of the elves
down to the ground.



"Stop!" cried the king of the elves.
"I have had enough."

"I will stop when you set free
the princess Ellen and my brothers,"
said Childe Rowland.

"I will set them free,"
said the king.

He went at once to a cupboard
and took out a blood-red bottle.

Out of this bottle he let a drop
or two fall upon the eyes of the
two brothers, and up they jumped.

Childe Rowland took the hand of his sister and went out of the door, and up the long way.

The two brothers went after them and left the king of the elves alone.

Then they came out from the hill and found their way back to their own country.

How glad the queen was!





TOM TIT TOT

Once a woman made five pies.

When she had made them,
she found that they were too hard.

So the woman said to her daughter :

“Put those pies into the cupboard
and leave them there a little while,
and they’ll come again.”

She meant that they would get soft.

But the girl said to herself,
"Well, if they'll come again,
I think I will eat them."

So she ate them all up.

At supper time the woman said,
"Daughter, get one of those pies.
I think they must have come again."

The girl went to the cupboard
and looked, but no pies were there.

Then she came back to her mother
and said,

"No, they have not come again."

"Well, bring one," said the mother.
"I want one for my supper."

"But I can't. They have not come."

"Yes, you can. Bring me one."

"But I ate them all up."

"What!" said the mother,
"You bad, bad girl!"

The woman could not stop thinking about those five pies.

As she sat at the door spinning, she kept mumbling to herself:

“My daughter ate five pies to-day,
My daughter ate five pies to-day.”

The king was going by, and he heard the woman mumbling.

“What are you saying, woman?” asked the king.

The woman did not like to tell him about the pies, so she said:

“My daughter spun five skeins to-day,
My daughter spun five skeins to-day.”

“Well, well, well!” said the king, “I didn’t know that any one could spin so much as that!”

“My daughter knows how to spin,” said the woman.



The king thought a little while.

Then he said: "I want a wife.
If your daughter can spin as much
as that, I will make her my wife.
She shall have fine clothes,
and for eleven months in every year
she may do anything she wishes.
But the last month of the year
she must spin five skeins each day.
If she does n't, she must have
her head cut off."

"Very well," said the woman.

She thought how fine it would be if her daughter should be the queen.

The girl could have a good time for eleven months, anyway, and there would surely be some way to get the skeins spun.

So the king took the girl away and made her queen.

For eleven months she had everything she could think of.

She had gold and silver and diamonds and fine clothes and good things to eat.



But when the last month of the year came, she began to think what she should do about those five skeins.

She did not have long to think, for the king took her into a room, all by herself, and said:

"Here is a spinning wheel, and here is a chair, and here is some flax.

"Now, my dear, sit down and spin five skeins before night, or off goes your head."

Then he turned and went out.

How frightened she was!

She could not spin.

She could only sit down and cry.

All at once there was a rap at the door.

She jumped up and opened it,
and what should she see but
a little black thing with a long tail!

"What are you crying about?"
asked the little black thing.

"It would do no good to tell you,"
said the queen.

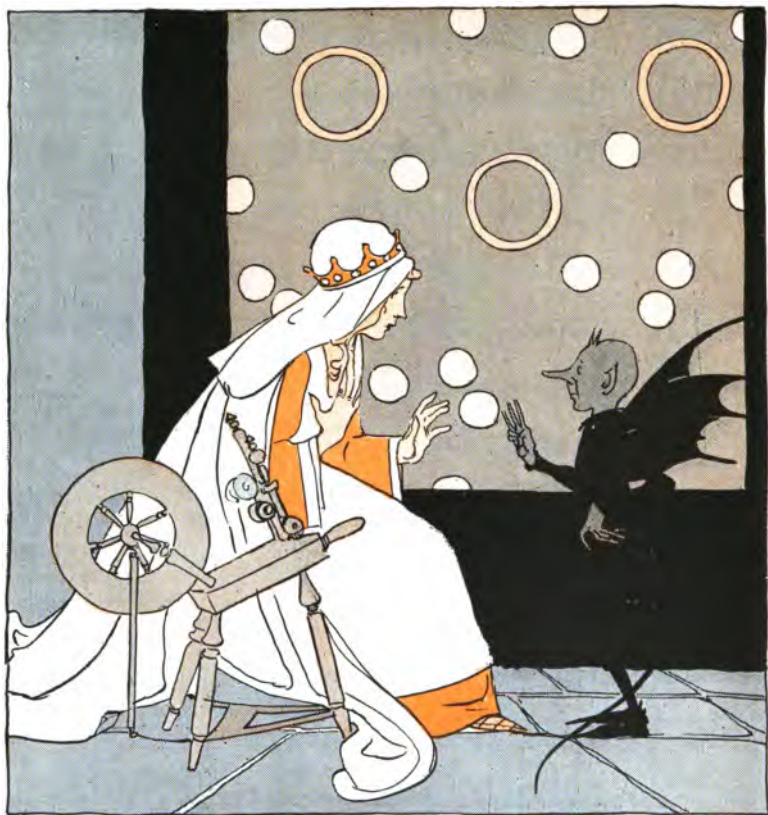
"How do you know that?"
asked the little black thing,
and he twirled his tail.

"Well, I will tell you," she said.

And she told him all that the king
had said to her.

"Then," said the little black thing,
"I will come here to your window
every morning and take some flax,
and bring it back at night all spun.

"If you can guess my name,
you shall pay nothing for my work.



"You may try three times each night, when I bring back the skeins. But if you can't guess my name before the last day of the month, I will carry you off with me."

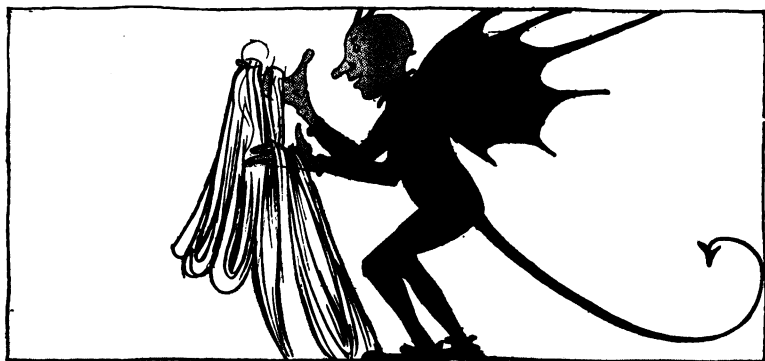
The queen thought that she could surely guess, so she said:

“Very well. Take the flax.”

“Yes,” said the little black thing, and my! how he twirled his tail!

That night he came back with five skeins of spun flax, but she could not guess his name.

So it went on day after day. Every night the little black thing brought five skeins, but she could not guess his name.



On the last day of the month the king came in to see her.

"You are doing well, my dear," said he.

"I think I shall not have to cut off your head, after all."

So he had a fine supper brought in, and they ate it together.

As they were eating, the king said:

"I was hunting to-day in the woods, and I heard a queer song.

It came from a hole in the ground.

I looked in, and there sat

a little black thing with a long tail.

He was spinning.

He twirled his tail as he spun, and sang:

'Nimmy, nimmy, not!

I'm Tom Tit Tot.'"

The queen at once jumped up and danced all around the table, but she said nothing.

The king thought she was glad because her spinning was done.

That night the little black thing brought the last five skeins of flax.

"Well," he said, "what is my name? You may guess three times more."

How he twirled his tail!

"Is it Jack?" she asked.

"No, it is not Jack," he said.

"Is it Tom?" she asked.

"No, it is not Tom."

You should have seen him laugh!

"One more guess; then I take you," said the little black thing, and he twirled his tail again.

This time the queen laughed.

She looked at him a long time
and then said:

"Nimmy, nimmy, not!
You're Tom Tit Tot."

At that the little black thing
gave a great cry, and away he flew,
out into the dark.

The queen never saw him again.





POEMS BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

LAMBKINS

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks ;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
 Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
 Watch by them and bleat.

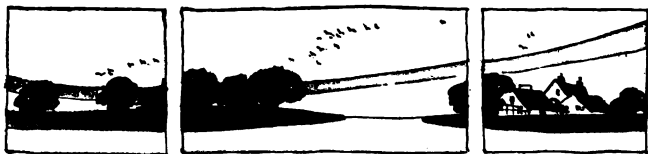
FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

"Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."

"If you've a penny in your purse,
I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."





CORAL

"O sailor, come ashore.

What have you brought for me?"

"Red coral, white coral,

Coral from the sea.

"I did not dig it from the ground

Nor pluck it from a tree;

Feeble insects made it

In the stormy sea."

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow,

for summer is done;

Come again, come again,

come back to me,

Bringing the summer

and bringing the sun.





WRENS AND ROBINS

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
Everywhere!



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

FABLES FROM ÆSOP

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion was asleep in the woods.

A little mouse ran over his paw.

The lion woke up and caught him.

"You are a very little mouse,
but I think I will eat you," he said.

"Do not eat me," said the mouse,
"I am so little! Let me go.
Some time I may be of help to you."

The lion laughed.

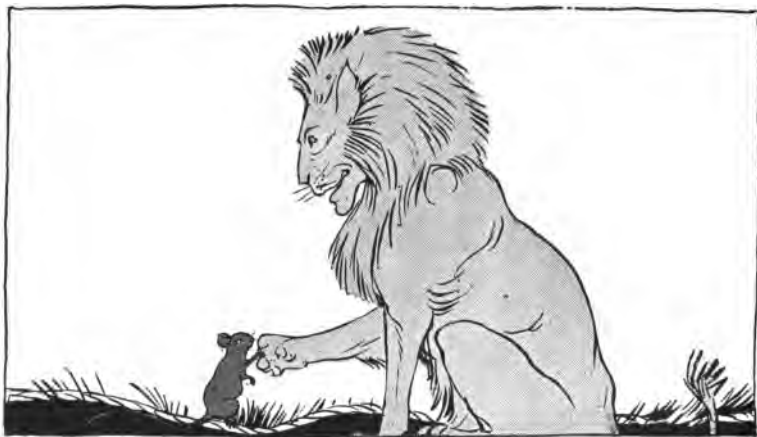
"What can you do?" he said.

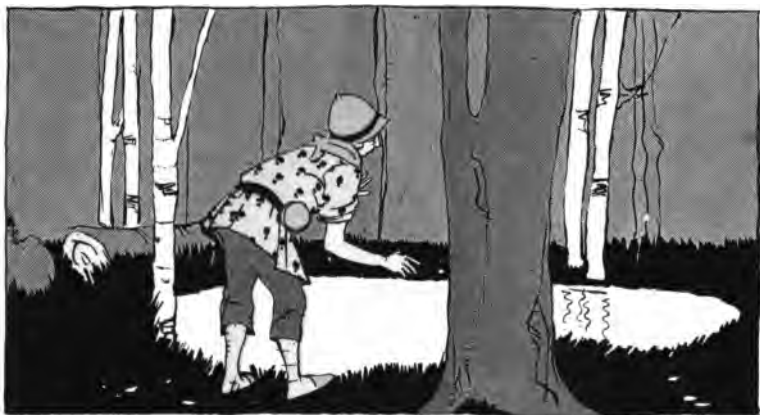
But he let the mouse go.

Not very long after this
the lion was caught by some men
and made fast with a rope.

The men left him and went
to get more rope, to bind him.

"Now is my time!" said the mouse.
He ran to the lion
and began to gnaw the rope.
He gnawed and he gnawed.
At last he gnawed through the rope
and set the lion free.
"You laughed at me,"
said the mouse, "but have I not
helped you?"
"You have saved my life,"
said the lion.





THE HONEST WOODCUTTER

One day a woodcutter lost his ax in a pond.

He sat down by the water and said to himself, "What shall I do? I have lost my ax."

All at once a man stood beside him.

"What have you lost?" asked the man.

"I have lost my ax," said the woodcutter.

The man said nothing, but jumped into the pond and soon came out with a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"No," said the honest woodcutter, "my ax was not a golden ax."

The man jumped in again, and soon came out with a silver ax.

"Is this your ax?" asked the man.

"No," said the woodcutter, "my ax was not a silver ax."

Again the man jumped in.

This time he came out with the ax that the woodcutter had lost.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woodcutter, "thank you! How glad I am! But who are you, kind sir? You must be more than a man."

"I am Mercury," said the other,
"and you are an honest woodcutter.
I will give you the golden ax
and the silver ax."

The woodcutter thanked him
and went home.

Soon he met another woodcutter
and told what Mercury had done.

This other woodcutter thought
he should like a golden ax, too.

So he went to the pond
and threw his ax into the water.

Then he sat down
and began to cry,

"O, I have lost my ax!
What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Mercury came again and jumped
into the water.

Soon he came out with a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"O, yes, yes! that is my ax,"
said the man.

"No, it is not," said Mercury.

"You are not an honest woodcutter,
and you shall have no golden ax."

"Then get my own ax for me,"
said the woodcutter.

"Get it yourself," said Mercury.

With that he went away
and was seen no more.





THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

(Once a wolf was eating his supper.
He was hungry and he ate very fast.
He ate so fast that he swallowed
a bone.

A crane was going by.

The wolf called to the crane.)

WOLF. My dear crane, come, help me.

I have a bone in my throat.

CRANE. What do you want me to do?

WOLF. Put your bill down my throat
and pull out the bone.

CRANE. You will bite off my head.

WOLF. O, no, I will not.

I will pay you well.

(The crane came and put his head into the wolf's mouth.

Then he ran his long bill down the wolf's throat and so pulled out the bone.)

CRANE. There, Brother Wolf, there is the bone.

Now give me my pay.

WOLF. You have had your pay.

CRANE. No, I have not.

WOLF. You have had your head in the mouth of a wolf, you have pulled it out, and your life is saved.

What more can you ask?

CRANE. After this, I will keep away from a wolf.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE
COUNTRY MOUSE

Once a country mouse asked
her cousin, the town mouse,
to come and visit her.

The town mouse came,
and the country mouse gave her
the best she had to eat.

It was only a little wheat and corn.

The town mouse ate some of it.

Then she said:

"Cousin, how can you live
on this poor corn and wheat?
Come to town with me,
and I will give you something good."

So the two mice set off and soon
came to town.

The town mouse lived well
and had everything she wished for.

She had cake and pie and cheese
and everything good to eat.

O, it was so good!

The country mouse was hungry,
and she ate and ate and ate.

"How rich my cousin is," she said,
"and how poor I am!"

As she said this, there was
a great barking at the door.

Then two dogs ran into the room.

They chased the mice about,
barking all the time.

At last the mice ran into a hole.

"Good-by, cousin, I am going home,"
said the country mouse.

"What! Are you going so soon?"
asked the other.

"Yes, I do not like that kind
of music with my supper.



It is better to have corn and wheat and be safe than to have cake and cheese and be always in fear," said the country mouse.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

Once the wind and the sun had a quarrel.

The sun said,

"I am stronger than you."

The wind said,

"No, I am stronger than you."

"Let us see," said the sun.

"Here comes a man with a big cloak. Can you make him take it off?"

"Surely I can," said the wind.

"Try," said the sun.

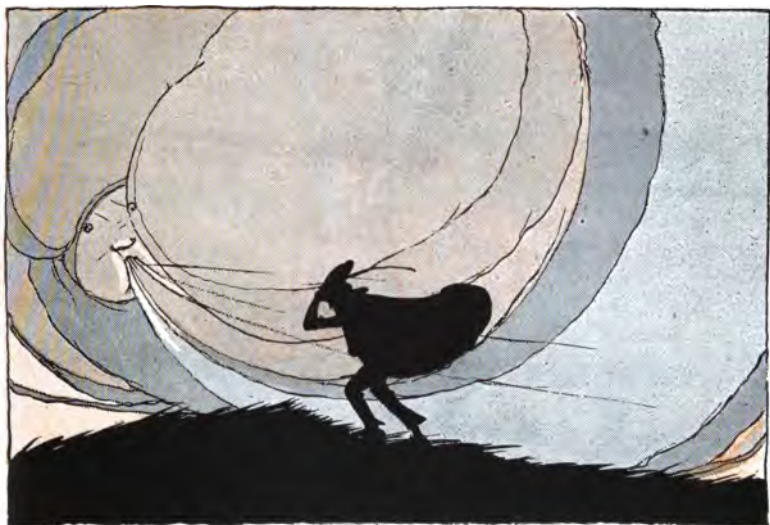
The sun went behind the clouds.

The wind began to blow.

How he did blow!

But the man pulled his cloak close about him.

He did not care for the wind.



At last the wind gave it up.

"Now you try," he said to the sun.

The sun came out from the clouds.

He shone down upon the man.

"How warm it is!" said the man.

"I must take off my cloak."

So he took off his cloak.

"You have beaten," said the wind.

"You are stronger than I."

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

A little ant once fell into a pond.

A dove was perching in a tree over the water.

The dove saw the ant fall.

She pulled off a leaf with her bill and let it drop into the water.

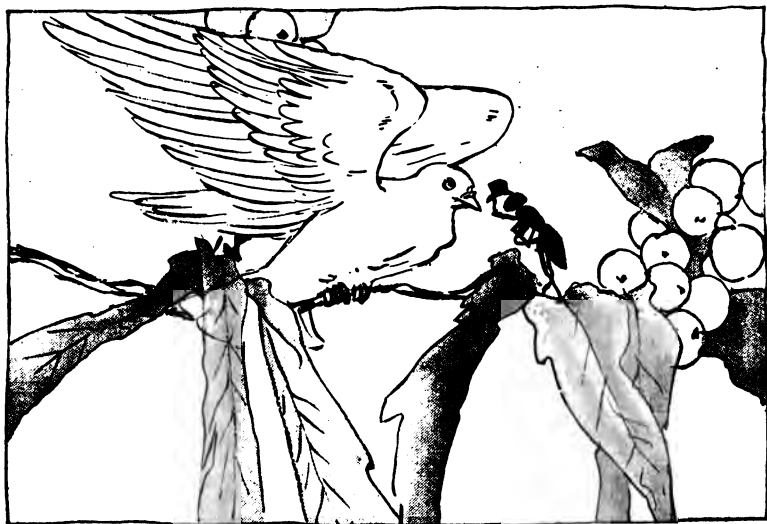
"There, little ant! get on that leaf, and you will be safe," she said.

The ant jumped upon the leaf, and the wind blew it to the shore of the pond.

Not long after this, a man laid a net to catch the dove.

He pulled it in and found the dove caught fast in it.

The ant saw the man with the net, and ran up his leg and bit him.



"O!" said the man, "what is that?"

He let the net drop to the ground,
and the dove flew away.

Next time the dove saw the ant,
she said:

"Good ant, you saved my life."

"You saved my life once, and
I only tried to pay you back,"
said the ant.

THE LARK AND HER NEST

A lark had made her nest
in a field of wheat.

The wheat was almost ripe.

One day the old lark said
to her young ones:

"The men will soon come
to cut this wheat.

You must watch for them
and tell me all you see or hear
while I am away."

Then she left them and went
to get something for them to eat.

When she came home, she asked,
"Did you see or hear anything?"

"Yes, mother," said the young ones.
"The owner of the field came
and looked at the wheat.

He said, 'This wheat is ripe.

It must be cut at once.

I will ask my neighbors to come
and help me cut it.'"

"That is good," said the old lark.

"Must we not leave the nest?"
asked the young ones.

"No," said the mother.

"If the man waits for his neighbors
to come and help him,
he will wait a long time."

Next day the owner came again.

"This wheat must be cut," said he.
"I cannot wait for my neighbors.
I must ask my uncles and cousins."

When the old lark came home,
the young ones said:

"O, mother! we must leave the
nest now.

"The man said that he should ask his uncles and cousins to help him cut the wheat."

"We will not go yet,"
said the mother.

"If he waits for his uncles and cousins, he will wait a long time."

The next day the man came again.
His boy was with him.

"We can't wait any longer," he said.
"We must cut the wheat ourselves."

Soon the mother lark came home.

The young ones told her
what the man had said.

"Now we must be off," she cried.
"When a man sets out to do
his work himself, it will be done."

So the lark and her young ones
left the nest and found another home.



THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

A dog once had a piece of meat.
He was going home with it.
On the way he had to go
across a bridge over some water.

He looked into the water, and there he thought he saw another dog.

The dog looked like himself and had a piece of meat in his mouth, too.

It was his shadow in the water.

"That meat looks good. I want it," said the dog.

"My piece is not big enough. I will take the meat away from that other dog."

So he barked at the other dog.

As he opened his mouth to bark, his piece of meat fell into the water.

"Splash!" it went, and that was the last he ever saw of it.

"If I had let that dog keep his piece of meat, I should not have lost my own," he said.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A hungry fox once saw some sweet grapes hanging over a wall.

"I want those grapes," he said to himself.

So he jumped for them.

He did not get them.

He jumped again.

Still he did not get them.

He jumped again and again.

They were too high.

At last he gave it up and went away.

"I don't want those grapes," he said.

"They are sour grapes.

I know they are sour.

They are not fit to eat."





POEMS BY MARY MAPES DODGE

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS

Four little birds
 all flew from their nest—
Flew north, flew south,
 flew east and west;
They thought they would like
 a wider view,
So they spread their wings
 and away they flew.

IN THE BASKET

Hark! do you hear my basket

Go "kippy! kippy! peek"?

Maybe my funny basket

Is learning how to speak.

If you want to know the secret,

Go ask the speckled hen,

And tell her when I've warmed them

I'll bring them back again.



COUSIN JEREMY

He came behind me

and covered my eyes ;

" Who is this ? " growled he, so sly.

" Why, Cousin Jeremy, how can I tell,

When my eyes are shut ? " said I.

LITTLE MISS LIMBERKIN

Little Miss Limberkin,

Dreadful to say,

Found a mouse in the cupboard

Sleeping away.

Little Miss Limberkin

Gave such a scream,

She frightened the little mouse

Out of its dream.

SNOWFLAKES

Little white feathers,
Filling the air;
Little white feathers,
How came you there?



"We came from the cloud birds
Sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings
Up in the sky."

Little white feathers,
How swift you go!
Little white snowflakes,
I love you so!

"We are swift because
We have work to do;
But hold up your face,
And we'll kiss you true."



HOLLYHOCK

Hollyhock, hollyhock, bend for me;
I need a cheese for my dolly's tea.
I'll put it soon on an acorn plate,
And dolly and I shall feast in state.





GERMAN FAIRY TALES

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

Once a little pine tree grew
in a valley.

It was covered with needles
that were always beautiful and green.

But it did not like the needles.

The little tree said:

"All the other trees in the woods have beautiful leaves, but I have only needles.

I do not like needles.

I wish I could have leaves.

But I should like to be more beautiful than the other trees.

I should not like green leaves.

I should like gold leaves."

The little tree went to sleep.

A fairy happened to be passing and said to herself:

"This little pine tree would like gold leaves. It shall have them."

Next morning the tree woke up and found that it was covered with leaves of shining gold.

"How beautiful!" said the tree.

"No other tree has gold leaves!"

Soon a man came by with a bag.

He saw the gold leaves.

He ran to the little pine tree
and began to pull them off
and to put them into his bag.

He pulled them all off
and carried them away.

The little pine tree was bare.

"O," cried the little tree,
"I don't want gold leaves any more,
for men will take them away.
I want something beautiful
that they will not take away.
I think I should like glass leaves."

The little tree went to sleep.

The fairy came by again and said:

"This little tree wants glass leaves.
It shall have them."

Next morning the tree woke up and found that it was covered with leaves of shining glass.

How they shone in the sun!

"These leaves are much better than gold leaves," said the little tree.

"They are very beautiful."

But a wind came down the valley.

It blew and it blew.

It blew the glass leaves together and broke them all to pieces.

The little pine tree was bare again.

"I don't want glass leaves," said the little tree.

"I want leaves that will not break. Perhaps green leaves are best, after all, but I want leaves.

I don't want needles."

The little tree went to sleep.



The fairy came by again and said :
"This little tree wants green leaves.
It shall have them."

Next morning when the tree woke up
it was covered with green leaves.

"This is fine!" said the tree.
"Now I am like the other trees,
but more beautiful."

Soon a goat came down the valley.

"These leaves look good,"
said the goat.

So he ate them all up.

The little pine tree was bare again.

"I think I don't want leaves after all," said the little pine tree.

"Gold leaves are beautiful, but men carry them away.

Glass leaves are beautiful, but the wind breaks them.

Green leaves are beautiful, but goats eat them.

My old green needles were best.

I wish I could have them back."

The little pine tree went to sleep.

The fairy came by again, and said:

"This little tree has found out that needles were best for it after all.

It shall have them back."

Next morning the tree woke up and had the old green needles again.

Then it was happy.

THE FAITHFUL BEASTS

Once upon a time a man went out to seek his fortune.

As he walked along, he came to a town and saw some boys teasing a mouse.

"Let the poor mouse go. I will pay you if you will let it go," said the man.

He gave the boys a penny.

They let the mouse go, and it ran away.

After this the man went on till he came to another town.

There he saw some boys playing with a monkey.

They had hurt the poor beast so that he cried out with pain.



"Let the monkey go," said the man.
"I will pay you to let him go."

So he gave the boys some money.
They let the monkey go,
and the monkey ran away.

The man went on, and
by and by he came to another town.

There he saw some boys
trying to make a bear dance.

They had tied the bear with a rope
and were beating him.

"Let the poor bear go,"
said the man.
"I will pay you to let him go."

He gave the boys some money,
and they let the poor beast go.

The bear was glad to be free
and walked off as fast as he could.

The man had spent all his money.

He had not a penny left.

He was hungry too,
and could get nothing to eat.

Then the king's men took him
and put him into a great box.

They shut and fastened the lid,
and threw the box into the water.



The man floated about in the water many days and thought he should never see the light again.

At last he heard something gnaw and scratch at the lid.

Then the lid flew open.

The box was on the shore, and there stood the bear, the monkey, and the mouse beside it.

They had helped him because he had helped them.

As they stood there, a round white stone rolled down to the water.

"This has come just in time," said the bear.

"It is a magic stone and will take its owner wherever he wishes to go."

The man picked up the stone and wished he were in a castle with gardens around it.

All at once the castle and the gardens were there, and he was in the castle.

It was very beautiful.

Soon some merchants came by.

"See this fine castle," said one to another.
"There was never a castle here till now."

The merchants went in and asked the man how he had built the castle so quickly.

"I did not do it," said the man.
"My magic stone built it."

"Let us see the stone," said the merchants.

The man showed them the stone.

Then the merchants showed him gold and silver and diamonds and other beautiful things, and said:

“We will give you all these if you will give us the stone.”

The things looked very beautiful to the man, so he took them and gave the stone to the merchants.

All at once he found himself again in the dark box on the water.

As soon as the bear, the monkey, and the mouse saw what had happened, they tried to help him.

But the lid was fastened more strongly than before.

They could not open it.

“We must have that stone again,” said the bear.



So the three faithful beasts went back to the castle and found the merchants there.

The mouse looked under the door and said:

“The stone is fastened with a red ribbon under the looking-glass, and beside it are two great cats with eyes of fire.”

The bear and the monkey said:

"Wait till the men go to sleep. Then run quickly under the door, jump quickly up on the bed, scratch the nose of one of the men, and bite off one of his whiskers."

The mouse did as he was told.

The merchant woke up and rubbed his nose. Then he said:

"Those cats are good for nothing. They let the mice in, and the mice eat up my very whiskers."

So he drove the cats away.

The next night the mouse went in again. The merchants were asleep.

The mouse gnawed at the ribbon till it gave way, and the stone fell.

Then he rolled the stone out under the door.

The monkey took it and carried it down to the water.

"How shall we get out to the box?" asked the monkey.

"I will tell you," said the bear.
"Sit on my back and hold fast.
Carry the stone in your mouth.
The mouse will sit in my right ear,
and I will swim out to the box."

They did as the bear said,
and were soon out in the water.
No one said anything, and it was
very still. The bear wanted to talk.

"How are you, Monkey?" he asked.

The monkey said nothing.

"Why don't you talk to me?"
asked the bear.

"Silly!" said the monkey.

"How do you think I can talk

when I have a stone in my mouth?"

As he said this, the stone rolled out into the water.

"Never mind," said the bear.

"The frogs will get it for us."

So he asked the frogs to get it, and one of them brought it to him.

"Thank you," said the bear.

"That is what we need."

Then the three faithful beasts broke open the great box.

They gave the stone to the man.

He took it and wished himself in the castle again, and wished the three faithful beasts with him.

At once they were in the castle.

The merchants were gone.

So the man and his three faithful beasts lived there ever after.



POEMS BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

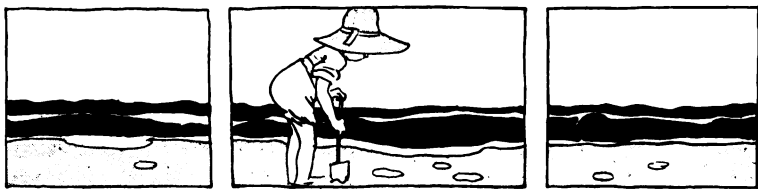
Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand;
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.



Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.



AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup;
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.



RAIN

The rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here
And on the ships at sea.

AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens

And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over

And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!

Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!





THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!



I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

HINDU FABLES

THE TIMID HARES

Once there was a timid little hare who was always afraid something dreadful was going to happen.

She was always saying,
"What if the earth should fall in?
What would happen to me then?"

One day, after she had been saying this to herself many times,
a great coconut fell from a tree.

"What was that!" said the hare.

She jumped as if she had been shot.

"The earth must be falling in!"
she cried.

So she ran and she ran as fast
as she could run.

Soon she met another hare.

"O Brother Hare," she said,
"run for your life!
The earth is falling in!"

"What is that you say!"
cried the other hare.

"Then I will run, too."

This hare told another hare,
and the other hare told other hares,
and soon all the hares were running
as fast as they could run,
and crying:

"The earth is falling in!
O, the earth is falling in!"

The big beasts heard them,
and they too began to run and to cry:

"O, the earth is falling in!
Run for your life!"

A wise old lion saw them running
and heard them crying.



"I cannot see that the earth is falling in," he said.

Then he cried out to the poor frightened beasts to stop.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

"We said the earth is falling in," answered the elephants.

"What makes you think so?" asked the lion.

"The tigers told us," said the elephants.

"What makes the tigers think so?"

"The bears told us,"
said the tigers.

"What makes the bears think so?"

"The buffaloes told us,"
said the bears.

"Why do the buffaloes think so?"

"The deer told us,"
said the buffaloes.

"Why do the deer think so?"

"The monkeys told us so,"
said the deer.

"And how did the monkeys know?"

"The jackals said so,"
said the monkeys.

"And how did the jackals know?"

"The hares said it was so,"
said the jackals.

"And how did the hares know?"

One of the hares then said that another hare told him, and the other hare said that another told him, and so it went on until at last they came to the first little hare.

"Little hare," said the lion, "why did you say that the earth was falling in?"

"I saw it," said the little hare.

"Where?" asked the lion.

"I saw it there, under that big coconut tree," said the little hare.

"Come and show me," said the lion.

"O, no, no!" said the little hare.

"I am so frightened. I couldn't go."

"Jump on my back," said the lion.

The little hare at last jumped up on the lion's back, and the lion took her back to the big tree.

Just then another coconut fell with a great noise among the leaves.

"O, run, run!" cried the timid hare. "There is that dreadful thing again!"

"Stop and look," said the lion.

As the hare could not get down from the lion's back, she had to stop and look.

"Now what do you think it is?" asked the lion.

"I think it must be a coconut," said the little hare.

"Then I think you had better go and tell the other beasts," said the lion.

So the little hare told the other beasts that the earth was not falling in, after all. It was a coconut that was falling.



THE SHOE

(A man once left his shoe in the woods.
The beasts found it.

They had never seen anything like it before, so
they came together and began to talk about it.)

BEAR. It must be the husk or the
outside of some fruit.

ALL THE BIRDS. O, just hear him!

ALL THE BEASTS. O, just hear him!

WOLF. No, that is not it.

It is some kind of nest.

See! Here is the hole at the top,
for the bird to go into, and
here is the place for the eggs
and the young birds.

BIRDS. O, just hear him!

BEAR. Just hear him talk!

GOAT. No, you are both wrong.

It is the root of some plant.

(He showed them the shoe string hanging at
the side.)

See this long, fine root.

Surely it is a root!

BIRDS. O, just hear him talk!

BEASTS. Just hear him!

BEAR. I tell you it is the husk
of a fruit.

WOLF. And I tell you it is a nest.

GOAT. And I tell you it is a root.

Surely it is a root!

OWL. Let me speak.

I have lived among men, and
I have seen many such things
as this. It is a man's shoe.

BEAR. What is a man?

GOAT. What is a shoe?

OWL. A man is a thing with two legs.
He can stand up like a monkey,
he can walk like a bird, but he
cannot fly. He can eat and talk,
and he can do many things that
we cannot do.

BEASTS. O, no!

BIRDS. No, no!

BEAR. How can that be?

How can anything with two legs
do more than we, who have four?

BIRDS. And this thing you call a
man cannot be good for much
if he cannot fly.

GOAT. But what does the man do
with this root?

OWL. It is not a root.

I tell you it is a shoe.

WOLF. And what is a shoe?

OWL. It is what the man puts on
his feet. He puts one of these
shoes on each of his feet.

BIRDS. Hear the owl talk!

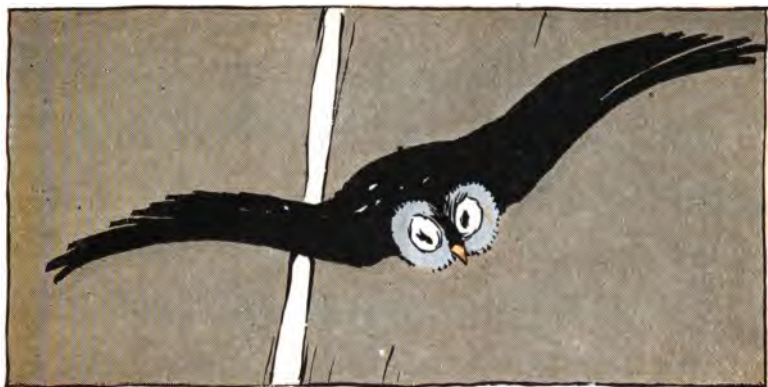
BEASTS. Who ever heard of such a
thing as a shoe?

GOAT. Hear that! The man puts them
on his feet!

WOLF. It is not true!

BEAR. No, it is not true!

The owl does n't know.



WOLF. You know nothing, Owl.

Get out of our woods.

You are not fit to live with us.

BEAR. Yes, Owl, go away!

BEASTS. Leave us! Go away!

BIRDS. Leave us! Leave us, Owl!

You surely don't know what you
are talking about!

(The beasts chase the owl out of the woods.)

OWL. (Going off) But it is a shoe,
anyway.

THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL

Once upon a time a camel and a jackal lived together by the side of a river.

One fine morning the jackal said :

"There is a big field of sugar cane over on the other side of the river. Take me on your back, Brother Camel, and I will show you where it is. You may eat all the sugar cane, and I will find some crabs or fish on the shore."

This pleased the camel very much. So he waded through the river and carried the jackal on his back.

The jackal could not swim.

The camel found the sugar cane, and the jackal found some crabs.

The jackal ate much faster than the camel and soon had enough.

"Now, Brother Camel," he said, "take me back. I have had enough."

"But I haven't," said the camel.

So the camel went on eating.

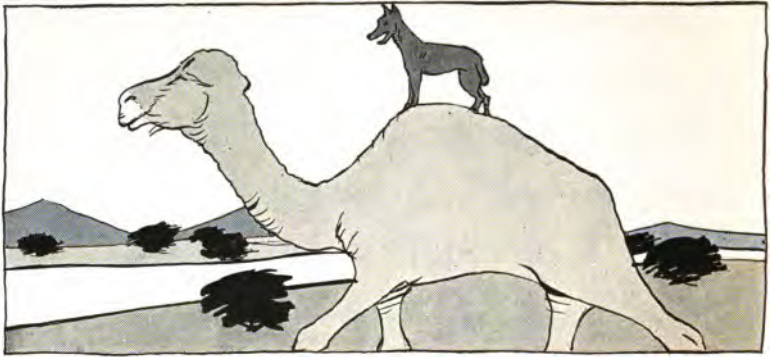
The jackal tried to think how he could make the camel go home.

At last he thought of a way.

He began to bark and to cry and to make such a noise that all the men from the village ran out to see what was going on.

There they found the camel eating the sugar cane, and at once they beat the poor beast with sticks and so drove him out of the field.

"Brother Camel, hadn't you better go home now?" asked the jackal.



"Yes, jackal, jump on my back," said the camel.

The jackal jumped on his back, and the camel waded through the river with him.

As he went, he said to the jackal:

"Brother Jackal, I think you have not been very good to me to-day. Why did you make such a noise?"

"O, I don't know," said the jackal. "It's a way I sometimes have. I like to sing a little, after dinner."

The camel waded on.

When they got out where the water was deep, the camel stopped and said, "Jackal, I feel as if I must roll a little in the water.

"O, no, no!" said the jackal.

"Why do you want to do that?"

"O, I don't know," said the camel.

"It's a way I sometimes have.

I like to roll a little, after dinner."

With that, he rolled over, and the jackal fell into the water.





POEMS BY LAURA E. RICHARDS¹

THE BUMBLEBEE

The bumblebee, the bumblebee,
He flew to the top
of the tulip tree.

He flew to the top,
But he could not stop,
For he had to get home
to his early tea.

The bumblebee, the bumblebee,
He flew away from the tulip tree;
But he made a mistake,
And flew into the lake,
And he never got home
to his early tea.

¹ Copyright, 1890, by Little, Brown, and Company.

LITTLE BROWN BOBBY

Little Brown Bobby
 sat on the barn floor,
Little Brown Bossy
 looked in at the door.
Little Brown Bobby
 said, "Lackaday!
Who'll drive me this little
 Brown Bossy away?"

Little Brown Bobby said,
 "Shoo! shoo! shoo!"
Little Brown Bossy said,
 "Moo! moo! moo!"
This frightened them so
 that both of them cried,
And wished they were back
 at their mammy's side.



JIPPY AND JIMMY

Jippy and Jimmy were two little dogs.
They went to sail on some
 floating logs;
The logs rolled over,
 the dogs rolled in,
And they got very wet,
 for their clothes were thin.

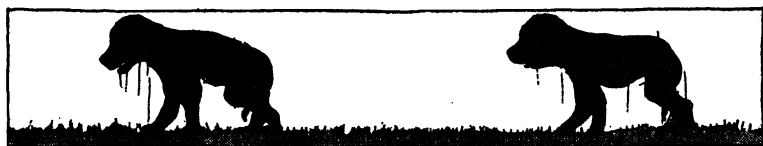
Jippy and Jimmy crept out again.
They said, "The river is full
 of rain!"
They said, "The water is
 far from dry!"
Ki-hi! ki-hi! ki-*hi*-yi! ki-hi!"

Jippy and Jimmy went shivering
home.

They said, "On the river no more
we will roam;

And we won't go to sail
until we learn how,

Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow-wow!
bow-wow!"



THE SONG OF THE CORN POPPER

Pip! pop! flippety flop!

Here am I, all ready to pop.

Girls and boys, the fire burns clear;

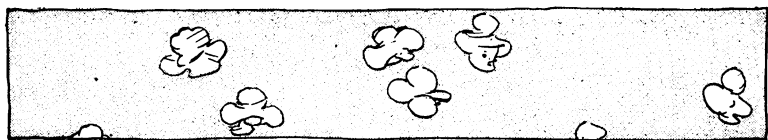
Gather about the chimney here,

Big ones, little ones, all in a row.

Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Into the bowl the kernels drop;
Sharp and hard and yellow and small,
Must say they don't look good at all;
But wait till they burst
 into warm white snow!
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flippety flop!
Shake me steadily; do not stop!
Backward and forward,
 not up and down;
Don't let me drop,
 or you'll burn it brown.
Never too high and never too low;
Hop away! pop away! here we go!



A FRENCH FAIRY TALE

THE FAIRY

Once on a time there was a woman who had two daughters. The older was very much like her mother, and was very ugly.

The younger was not like her, but was very good and beautiful.

The woman liked the older girl because she was like herself.

She did not like the younger; so she made her do all the hard work.

One day the younger daughter had gone to the spring to get water. It was a long way from home.

As she was standing by the spring, a poor old woman came by and asked her for a drink.

"Indeed, you shall have a drink," said the girl.

She filled her pitcher and gave the old woman some water.

The woman drank, and then said, "You are so kind and good, my dear, that I will give you a gift."

Now this old woman was a fairy, but the girl did not know it.

"I will give you a gift," she said, "and this shall be the gift:

With every word that you speak, either a flower or a jewel shall fall from your mouth."

When the younger girl came home, her mother scolded her because she had been so long at the spring.

"I am very sorry indeed, mother," said the girl.



At once two roses, two pearls, and two diamonds fell from her mouth.

"What is this!" cried the mother.
"I think I see pearls and diamonds falling out of your mouth!
How does this happen, my child?"

This was the first time the woman had ever called her "my child."

The girl told her all that had happened, and while she spoke, many more diamonds fell from her mouth.

"Well, well, well!" said the woman, "I must surely send my dear Fanny to the spring, so that she too may have this gift."

Then she called her older daughter. "Fanny, my dear, come here! See what has happened to your sister. Should you not like to have such diamonds whenever you wish them?"

"All you need to do is to go out to the spring to get some water. An old woman will ask for a drink and you will give it to her."

"I think I see myself going out there to the spring to get water!" said the older daughter.

"Go at once!" said the mother.

So the older daughter went.

She took with her the best silver pitcher in the house, and grumbled all the way.

When she had come to the spring, she saw a lady in beautiful clothes standing under a tree.

The lady came to her and asked for a drink.

It was really the fairy, but now she looked like a princess.

The older daughter did not know that it was the fairy, so she said:

"Do you think that I came to the spring to get water just for you, or that I brought this fine silver pitcher so that you could drink from it?

Drink from the spring if you wish."

"You are not very polite, I think," said the fairy, "but I will give you a gift, and this shall be the gift: With every word that you speak, either a snake or a toad shall fall from your mouth."

When the older daughter went back to the house, her mother called out, "Well, daughter?"

"Well, mother," said the girl, and as she spoke, a snake and a toad fell out of her mouth.

"What!" cried the mother. "Your sister has done all this, but she shall pay for it!"

With that, the mother took a stick and ran after the younger daughter.

The poor child ran away from her and hid in the woods.



The prince of that country had been hunting and happened to pass through those woods on his way home.

He saw the young girl and asked her why she was standing there and crying, all alone in the woods.

"O sir, my mother has turned me out of the house," she said.

The prince was greatly surprised to see five or six pearls and as many diamonds fall from her mouth as she spoke.

"Tell me how all this happened," said the prince.

So she told him all about it.

The prince took her with him, and they went to the king's house, and there they were married, and were very happy.

But the older sister grew more and more ugly in her heart, until even her mother could not live with her.

So her mother turned her out, and no one ever heard of her again.

A NORSE FOLK TALE

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

Once there was a poor woodcutter who had so many children that it was hard to get enough for them to eat.

They were all pretty children, but the youngest daughter was the prettiest of them all.

One cold, dark night in the fall they were sitting around the fire, when all at once something went rap! rap! rap! on the window.

The father went out to see what it was, and there stood a big white bear.

"Good evening," said the bear.

"The same to you," said the man.

"Give me your youngest daughter, and you shall be rich," said the bear.

"You can't have her," said the man.

"Think it over," said the bear, "I will come again next week."

Then the bear went away.

They talked it over and at last the youngest daughter said that she would go away with the bear when he came back.

Next Thursday night they heard the rap! rap! rap! on the window, and there was the white bear again.

The girl went out and climbed up on his back and off they went.

When they had gone a little way, the bear turned around and asked, "Are you afraid?"

No, she was not afraid.



"Well, hold fast to me, and there will be nothing to be afraid of," said the bear.

They went a long, long way, until they came to a great hill.

The bear knocked on the ground, and a door opened. They went in.

It was a castle, with many lights, and it shone with silver and gold.

The white bear gave to the girl a silver bell, and said to her, "Ring this bell when you want anything."

Then he went away.

Every night, when all the lights had been put out, the bear came and talked with her. He slept in a bed in the great hall.

But it was so dark that she could never see him, or know how he looked, and when she took his paw, it was not like a paw. It was like a hand.

She wanted so much to see him! but he told her she must not.

At last she felt that she could not wait any longer.

So one night, when he was asleep, she lighted a candle and bent over and looked at him.

What do you think she saw?

It was not a bear, but a prince, and the most beautiful prince that was ever seen!

She was so surprised that her hand began to shake, and three drops from the candle fell upon the coat of the prince.

This woke him up.

"What have you done?" he cried. "You have brought trouble upon us. An ugly witch turned me into a bear, but every night I am myself again, and if you had waited only a year, and had not tried to find me out, I should have been free.

"Now I must go back to my other castle and marry an ugly princess with a nose three yards long."

The girl cried and cried and cried, but it did no good.

She asked if she could go with him, but he said that she could not.

"Tell me the way there," she said, "and I will find you."

"It is East of the Sun and West of the Moon, but there is no way to it," he said.

Next morning when the girl awoke, she found herself all alone in the deep woods.

She set out and walked and walked till she came to a very old woman sitting under a hill. The old woman had a golden apple in her hand.

The girl asked the woman to tell her the way to the castle of the prince who lived East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

The old woman did n't know, but she gave the girl the golden apple, and lent her a horse, and said to her :



“Ask my next neighbor. Maybe she will know. And when you find her, switch my horse under the left ear and tell him to be off home.”

So the girl got on the horse and rode until she came to an old woman with a golden comb. This old woman answered her as the first had done, and lent her another horse and gave her the golden comb.

The girl got on the horse and rode till she came to another old woman spinning on a golden spinning wheel. This old woman did as the others had done, and lent her another horse and gave her the golden spinning wheel.

"You might ask the East Wind. Maybe he will know," she said.

So the girl rode on until she came to the house of the East Wind.

"I have heard of the prince and his castle, but I never went so far as that," said the East Wind.

"Get on my back, and I will carry you to my brother, the West Wind. Maybe he will know."

She got on his back, and away they went. O how fast they went!

At last they found the West Wind, but he had never been so far as the castle of the prince.

"Get on my back," said West Wind, "and I will take you to our brother, the South Wind. He will know, for he has been everywhere."

So she got on the West Wind, and away they went to the South Wind.

"It is a long way to that castle," said the South Wind, with a sigh. "I have never been so far as that, but our brother, the North Wind, is stronger than any of us. If he has

not been there, you will never find the way, and you might as well give it up. So get on my back, and I will take you to him."

The girl got on the back of the South Wind, and soon they came to where the North Wind lived.

"Boo-oo-oo! What do you want?" roared the North Wind.

"Here is a girl who is looking for the prince that lives East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Do you know where that is?" asked the South Wind.

"Yes, once I blew a leaf as far as that, and I was so tired after it that I couldn't blow for a long time. But if you are sure you want to go and are not afraid, I'll take you."

Yes, she was sure she wanted to go.



North Wind blew himself out so big that he was dreadful to look at.

But she jumped on his back, and away they went.

How they did go!

The North Wind grew so tired that he almost had to stop.

His feet began to trail in the sea.
"Are you afraid?" he asked.

No, she was not afraid.

So they kept going on and on, till at last they came to the castle, and the North Wind put her down and went away and left her.

The next morning, as she sat there, Princess Long-Nose looked out of the window.

"What will you take for your big golden apple?" asked Long-Nose.

"It is not for sale," said the girl.

"I will give you anything you ask," said Long-Nose.

"Let me speak to the prince, and you may have it," said the girl.

"Very well," said Long-Nose.

She made the girl wait till night, and then let her in, but the prince was fast asleep.

He would not wake up.

Long-Nose had given him a kind of drink to make him sleep soundly.

So the girl went sadly out.

Next morning Long-Nose looked out of the window and said to her, "What will you take for the comb?"

"It is not for sale," said the girl.

Long-Nose said that the girl might see the prince again if she would give her the comb.

So she saw the prince again, but he was asleep as before.

Next morning Long-Nose looked out and saw the spinning wheel.

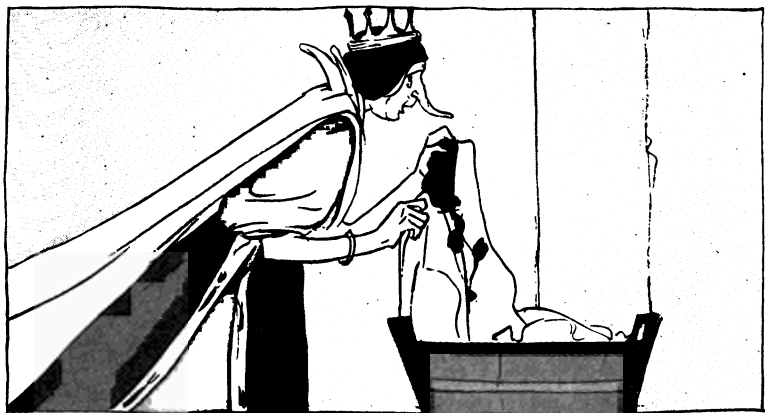
She wanted that too. So she said she would let the girl come in and see the prince once more if she would give her the spinning wheel.

Some one told the prince about it, and that night he did not take the drink which Long-Nose gave to him. He threw it out of the window.

When the girl came, he was awake, and she told him her story.

"You are just in time," said the prince, "for to-morrow I was to be married to Long-Nose.

"Now I will have no one but you. I will tell Long-Nose that I will marry no one who cannot wash three drops of candle grease out of my coat. She cannot do it, but I know that you can."



So the next morning the prince said that he must have three drops of grease washed out of his coat, and that he would marry no one who could n't wash them out.

Long-Nose began to wash the coat, but she couldn't get the grease out. It turned black.

Then the old witch tried, but she had no better luck.

Then the younger witches tried.

"You cannot wash," said the prince.
"I believe the poor girl out under the window can wash better than you. Let her try."

So the girl came in and tried, and as soon as she put the coat into the water it was white as snow.

"You are the girl for me!" said the prince.

At this the old witch flew into such a rage that she fell to pieces, and Princess Long-Nose fell to pieces, and the younger witches all fell to pieces. And no one could ever put them together again.

The prince married the poor girl, and they flew away as far as they could from the castle that lay East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

POEMS BY
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THE SAILOR

Little girl, O little girl,
Where did you sail to-day?
The greeny grass is all about;
I cannot see the bay.

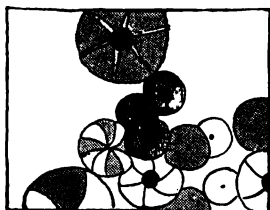
"The greeny grass is water, sir;
I'm sailing on the sea,
I'm tacking to the Island there
Beneath the apple tree.

"You ought to come aboard my boat,
Or you will soon be drowned!
You're standing in the ocean, sir,
That billows all around!"

Little girl, O little girl,
And must I pay a fare?
"A penny to the apple tree,
A penny back from there.

"A penny for a passenger,
But sailors voyage free;
O, will you be a sailor, sir,
And hold the sheet for me?"





A MUSIC BOX

I am a little music box,
Wound up and made to go,
And play my little living tune
The best way that I know.

If I am naughty, cross, or rude,
The music will go wrong,
My little works be tangled up
And spoil the pretty song.

I must be very sweet and good
And happy all the day,
And then the little music box
In tune will always play.

AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS

LITTLE SCAR-FACE

Among the pine trees, by a quiet lake, stood the wigwam of a great Indian whose name was Big Moose. His sister kept the wigwam for him, and took care of all that was his. Her name was White Maiden.

No one but White Maiden had ever seen Big Moose. The Indians could see the marks of his feet in the snow, and they could hear his sled as it ran over the ice, but they could not see him.

It was said that this was because they were not kind and good.

White Maiden was kind and good, and she could always see him.

One day White Maiden called all the Indian maidens and said:

"My brother, Big Moose, wishes to marry, but he will not marry any one who cannot see him, and only those who are good can see him."

All the Indian maidens were glad when they heard that Big Moose wished to marry. They had all heard how brave and strong he was, and what a great hunter he was, and how kind and good and wonderful he was, in every way.

Each wished that he would choose her for his wife, and each was very sure that she could see him.

For a long time after that the Indian maidens would go down to the wigwam of Big Moose, by the lake,

and try to see him. Every evening some of them would go at sunset and sit and watch for him.

When he came they would hear him, and the door of the wigwam would be opened, and he would go in, but they could not see him.

At the other end of the village lived an old Indian with his three daughters. The two older daughters were not kind to the youngest one. They made her do all the work and gave her little to eat.

The oldest sister had a very hard heart. Once, when she was angry, she threw a pail of hot ashes at the youngest sister.

The child's face was burned, and she was called Little Scar-Face.



One day in early winter, when the first white snow lay on the ground, the oldest sister said:

“Come, Scar-Face, bring me my shell beads and help me to dress. I am going to marry Big Moose.”

Little Scar-Face brought the beads and put them on the oldest sister and helped her to dress.

At sunset the oldest sister went down to the wigwam by the lake. White Maiden asked her to come in. By and by they heard Big Moose. They could hear his sled running through the snow.

White Maiden took the sister to the door of the wigwam and said, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," answered the other.

"Then look and tell me what the string of his sled is made of," said White Maiden.

"It is made of moose skin," said the sister of Little Scar-Face.

"No, it is not made of moose skin. You have not seen my brother. You must go away," said White Maiden.

So she drove out the oldest sister. Next day the next to the oldest sister said to Little Scar-Face:

"Come, Scar-Face, bring me my shell beads and help me to dress. I am going to marry Big Moose."

Little Scar-Face brought the beads and helped her sister to dress.

In the evening, just at sunset, the sister went down through the pine trees to the lake.

"Come in," said White Maiden.

Soon they heard Big Moose coming.

"Can you see my brother?" asked White Maiden.

"Yes, I can see him very well," said the other.

"Then what is his sled string made of?" asked White Maiden.

"It is made of deerskin," said the other.

"No, it is not made of deerskin," said White Maiden.

"You have not seen my brother. You must go away."

And she drove her out.

The next morning Little Scar-Face worked very hard. She built the fire and carried out all the ashes and brought in the wood and did everything that she could.

Then she said to her two sisters, "Sisters, let me take your beads. I too should like to find out if I can see Big Moose."

Her sisters laughed loud and long. They would not let her take their beads. No, indeed!



At last one of the sisters said she had an old broken string of beads that Scar-Face might take.

So Little Scar-Face took the old broken string of beads and tied it together and put it on. Then she made a queer little dress out of birch bark, and she washed herself all fresh and clean, and brushed her

hair, and put on the dress and the old string of beads. So she went down through the village and the dark pine woods to the wigwam of Big Moose.

She was not a pretty child, for her face and hair were burned, and her clothes were very queer.

But White Maiden asked her to come in and spoke kindly to her. So she went in and sat down.

Soon she heard Big Moose coming.

White Maiden took her to the door of the wigwam and said:

"Little Scar-Face, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, indeed, and I am afraid, for his face is very wonderful and very beautiful."

"What is his sled string made of?" asked White Maiden.

"How wonderful! how wonderful!" cried Little Scar-Face.

"His sled string is the rainbow!"

Big Moose heard her and said, "Sister, wash the eyes and hair of Little Scar-Face in the magic water."

White Maiden did so, and every scar faded away, and the hair of Little Scar-Face grew long and black, and her eyes were like two stars.

White Maiden put a wonderful dress of deerskin and a string of golden beads on Little Scar-Face, and she was more beautiful than any of the other maidens.

And Big Moose made her his wife.

THE HUNTER WHO FORGOT

Once there was a great hunter who was very rich. He had many strings of shell money around his neck. The Indians call these shells wampum.

In the woods near his home lived a big white elk that used to come and talk to him. The elk told him what was right and what was wrong. The Great Spirit sent the elk to him.

When he obeyed the elk, he was happy and everything went well, but when he did not obey, he was not happy, and everything went wrong.

One day the elk said to him:

"You are too hungry for wampum. Look! your neck and shoulders are covered with long strings of wampum.



Some of it belongs to your wife. You took it from her. You took some of it from other Indians and gave them deer meat that was not fit to eat. You are not honest."

The hunter was much ashamed, but he would not give back the wampum. He thought too much of it to give it back.

"I will give you enough wampum to fill your heart," said the elk, "but you must do just as I tell you. Will you do it?"

"I will do it," said the hunter.

"Go to the top of the great white mountain. There you will find a black lake. Across the lake are three black rocks. One of them is like the head of a moose.

"Dig in the earth before this rock. There you will find a cave full of wampum. It is on strings of elk skin. Take all you want.

"While you dig, twelve otters will come out of the black lake. Put a string of wampum around the neck of each of the otters and upon each of the three black rocks."

The hunter went back to the village. There he got an elk-horn pick and set out. No one knew where he went.

He made his camp that night at the foot of the great white mountain.

As soon as it was light, he began to climb up the mountain side. At last he stood on the top, and there before him was a great hollow. It was so great that he could not shoot an arrow across it.

The hollow was white with snow, but in the middle was a black lake, and on the other side of the lake stood the three black rocks.

The hunter walked around the lake over the snow. Then he took the elk-horn pick and struck one blow before the black rock which looked like the head of a moose.

Four great otters came up out of the black lake and sat beside him.

He struck another blow. Four more otters came and sat behind him.

He struck again. Four more otters came and sat on the other side.

At last the pick struck a rock. The hunter dug it out, and beneath it was a cave full of wampum.

The hunter put both of his hands into the wampum and played with it. It felt good. He took out great strings of it and put them around his neck and over his shoulders.

He worked fast, for the sun was now going down, and he must go home.

He put so many strings of wampum around his neck and shoulders that he could hardly walk.

But he did not put any around the necks of the twelve otters, nor on the three black rocks. He did not give them one string — not one shell.

He forgot what the white elk had told him. He did not obey.

Soon it grew dark. He crept along by the shore of the big black lake. The otters jumped into it and swam and beat the water into white foam. A black mist came over the mountain.

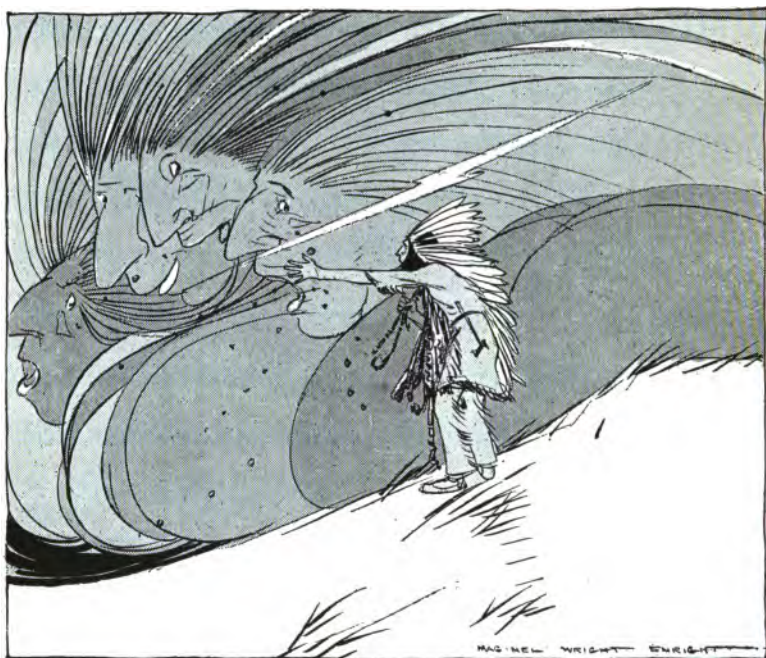
Then the storm winds came, and the Great Spirit was in the storm.

It seemed as if the storm said, "You did not obey! You did not obey!"

Then the thunder roared at him, "You did not obey!"

The hunter was greatly frightened. He broke a great string of wampum and threw it to the storm winds, but the storm winds only laughed.

He broke another string and threw it to the thunder voices, but the



thunder roared louder than before.

He threw away one string after another until all of them were gone. Then he fell upon the ground and went to sleep. He slept long.

When he woke up he was an old man with white hair. He did not know

what had happened, but he sat there and looked at the great mountain, and his heart was full of peace.

"I have no wampum. I have given it all away. I am not hungry for it any more. I will go home," he said.

He could hardly find his way, for the trees had grown across the trail.

When at last he got home, no one but his wife knew him. She was now very old and had white hair like himself. She showed him a tall man near by, and said it was their baby.

The hunter looked at them.

"I have slept many moons," he said.

He lived among the Indians long after that and taught them much. He taught them to keep their word, and to obey the Great Spirit.

THE WATER LILY

One summer evening, many years ago, some Indians were sitting out under the stars, telling stories.

All at once they saw a star fall. It fell halfway down the sky.

That night one of the Indians had a dream about the star. It seemed to come and stand beside him, and it was like a young girl, dressed all in white.

She said, "I have left my home in the sky because I love the Indians and want to live among them. Call your wise men together and ask them what shape I shall take."

The Indian woke up and called all the wise men together.

Then he told them his dream.

The wise men said, "Let her choose what shape she will take. She may live in the top of a tree, or she may live in a flower, or she may live where she will."

Every night the star came down a little lower in the sky, and stood over the valley where the Indians lived, and made it very bright.

Then one night it fell down upon the side of the mountain and became a white rose.

But it was lonely on the mountain. The rose could see the Indians, but it could not hear them talk. So one day it left the mountain and came down into the plain and became a great white prairie flower.

Here it lived for a time. But the buffaloes and the other wild beasts of the prairie ran all around it and over it, and it was afraid.

One night the Indians saw a star go up from the prairie.

They knew that it was the prairie flower and they thought that it was going back into the sky.

But it floated toward them until it came over the lake that lay just beside them.

It looked down into the lake, and there it saw its shadow and the shadows of the other stars that live in the sky.

It came down lower and lower, and at last floated on the top of the water.



The next morning the lake was covered with water lilies.

"See! the stars have blossomed!" said all the children.

But the wise men answered:

"It is the white star and her sisters. They will stay with us."

RUSSIAN FABLES

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR

A poor beggar, with a ragged old bag, crept along the road one day, begging his bread.

As he went he grumbled to himself because there were so many rich men in the world.

"The rich never think that they have enough," he said to himself. "They always want more than they have. Now if I had a very little money, I should be happy. I should not want too much."

A fairy named Fortune, who brought good gifts to men, heard the poor beggar grumbling to himself and came to him.

"Friend," said Fortune, "I have wanted to help you. Open your bag. I will give you all the gold that it will hold. But if any falls out upon the ground, it will turn to dust. Your bag is old. Don't try to have it too full, for if you do, it will break, and you will lose all."

The beggar was so happy that he began to dance up and down.

He opened his bag and let the gold run into it in a big, yellow stream. Soon the bag was almost full.

"Is that enough?" asked Fortune.

"No," said the beggar, "not yet."

"The bag is old. It is going to break," said Fortune.

"Never fear!" said the beggar.

"But you are now a rich man.

Isn't that enough?" asked Fortune.

"A little more," said the beggar.

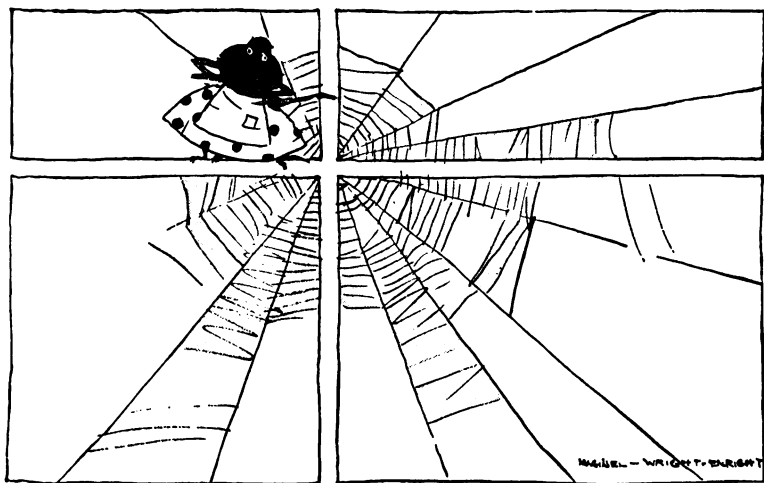
"Now," said Fortune, "the bag is full, but take care, or you will lose it."

"Just a little more," said the beggar.

Fortune put in just a little more. The bag broke. All the gold fell through upon the ground and turned to dust.

The beggar had nothing left but his old broken bag. He was as poor as he had been before.





THE SPIDER AND THE BEE

A merchant brought some linen to a fair and opened a shop. It was good linen, and many came to buy of him.

A spider saw what was going on, and said to herself:

"I can spin. Why should n't I open a shop, too?"

So the spider opened a little shop

in the corner of a window, and spun all night, and made a beautiful web. She hung it out where everybody could see it.

"That is fine!" said the spider. "Surely, when the morning comes, all will want to buy it."

At last the morning came.

A man saw the web in the corner and swept it away, spider and all.

"That is a pretty thing to do!" cried the spider. "I should like to ask whose work is the finer, mine or that merchant's?"

A bee happened to fly past.

"Yours is the finer," said the bee. "We all know that. But what is it good for? It will neither warm nor cover any one."

THE STONE AND THE WORM

(A stone lay in a field. A farmer and his son were talking near by.)

FARMER. That was a fine rain we had this morning.

SON. Yes, indeed! A rain like that makes everybody glad.

FARMER. I have been wishing a long time for such a rain as that.

SON. It was better than gold.

(As they walked away, a worm crept out from under the stone. The stone called to the worm.)

STONE. Friend Worm, did you hear what those men were saying?

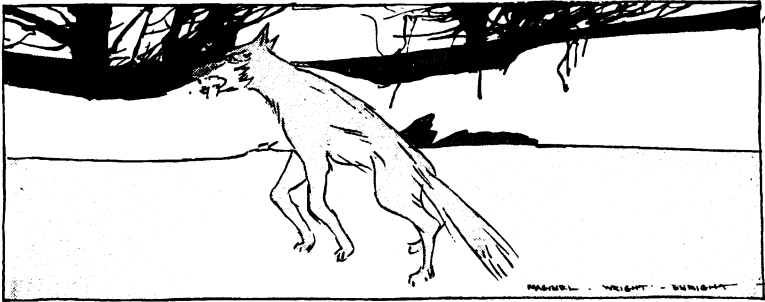
WORM. Yes, they were saying how good the rain was.

STONE. What has the rain done, I should like to know? It rained two hours and made me all wet.

WORM. That didn't hurt you.

STONE. Yes, it did. But it hurts me more to hear everybody saying how fine the rain was. Why don't they talk about me? I have been here for hundreds of years. I hurt nobody. I wet nobody. I stay quietly where I am put. Yet nobody ever has a kind word for me.

WORM. Stop your talk. This rain has helped the wheat and made it grow. And the wheat will help the farmer. It will give him bread. What have you ever given to anybody?



THE FOX IN THE ICE

Very early one winter morning a fox was drinking at a hole in the ice.

While he was drinking, the end of his tail got into the water, and there it froze fast.

He could have pulled it out and left some of the hairs behind, but he would not do this.

“How can I spoil such a beautiful tail!” said the fox to himself.

"No, I will wait a little. The men

are asleep and will not catch me. Perhaps when the sun comes up the ice will melt."

So he waited, and the water froze harder and harder.

At last the sun came up.

The fox could see men coming down to the pond. He pulled and pulled, but now his tail was frozen so fast that he could not pull it out.

Just then a wolf came by.

"Help me, friend," cried the fox, "or I shall be lost."

The wolf helped him, and set him free very quickly. He bit off the tail of the fox.

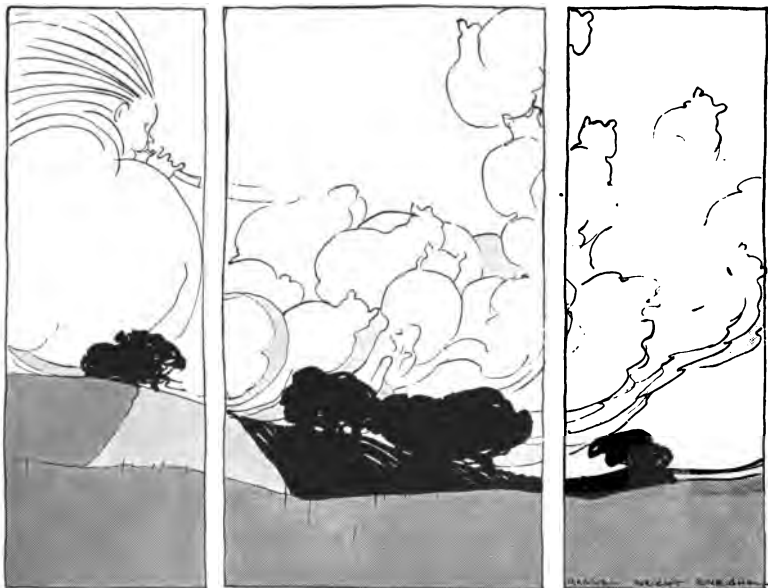
So the fox lost all of his fine great tail because he would not give up a little hair from it.

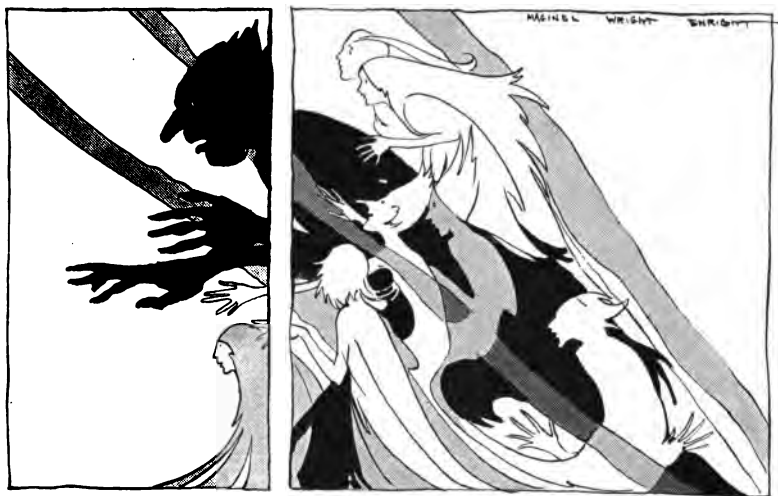
POEMS BY FRANK D. SHERMAN

CLOUDS

The sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys—
They're driving home their sheep.
The clouds move faster now, and see!
The west is red and gold;
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good night,
"Good night, and happy sleep!"
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.





GHOST FAIRIES

When the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell,
Tales of a forgotten race —
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
Living in the chimney flue.

"Once," the fire said, "long ago,
With the wind they used to rove,
Gypsy fairies, to and fro,
Camping in the field and grove.

"Hither with the trees they came
Hidden in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear."

So I watch, and sure enough,
I can see the fairies! Then
Suddenly there comes a puff—
Whish!—and they are gone again!



DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped
 them down
Into the meadows of the town.

OLD GREEK STORIES

THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE STAR GIANT

A great many years ago the Greeks told beautiful stories about what they saw in the earth and in the sky and in the sea.

They said the Sun drove each day across the sky in a car of fire, and gave light and heat to men.

He always had a bow and arrows with him, and his arrows were the sunbeams.

When he shot them very hard and struck men with them, the men were said to be sun-struck, but when he let the arrows fall gently on the earth, they did only good.



The Sun was called Apollo.

He was said to be a beautiful young man with golden hair, and he made wonderful music on a kind of harp called a lyre.

Men loved him, but they were a little afraid of him, too; he was so bright and strong.

His sister was the Moon. Her name was Artemis, or Diana. She rode through the sky at night in a silver car, and she, too, had a bow and arrows.

Her bow was a silver bow, and her arrows were the moonbeams.

She loved hunting, and often at night she would come down to earth and roam through the woods with her bow in her hand and her arrows at her side or on her back.

In pictures she is always seen with a little new moon in her hair.

Artemis was so beautiful that men were afraid to look at her. It was said that if any man should look full at her he would lose his mind.

So when she came to those whom she did not wish to hurt, she covered herself with clouds.

For a time the good giant Orion helped Artemis in her hunting, for he too was a great hunter. Artemis

loved him as well as she loved any one, but she was very cold and did not care much for anybody.

After a time Orion left her. He wanted to marry the daughter of a king in one of the islands of the sea. The king said that he might if he would drive all the wild beasts out of the island. Orion did this, but the king did not keep his word.

Instead of that, he put out the eyes of Orion, but Orion went to Apollo, and was made to see again.

Then Orion went back to help Artemis with her hunting, but Apollo did not like that and wished to get rid of him.

He did not wish, himself, to hurt Orion, so he made Artemis do it.

"Sister," he said to her one day, "some men say that you can shoot as well as I can, but we all know that is not so."

"I should like to know why it is not so!" said Artemis.

"Well, let us try," said Apollo. "Do you see that little black speck away out there in the sea?"

"Yes, I see it," said Artemis.

"Can you hit it?" asked Apollo.

"Indeed I can," said Artemis; and with that she let an arrow fly from her bow. It went straight through the black speck.

The black speck was the head of Orion. He was swimming back to Artemis from the country of the bad king.



The speck at once went under the water and was seen no more.

When Artemis found what she had done, she was very sad indeed. She could not bring Orion back to earth, but she took him up into the sky and put him among the stars, and there he is standing to this day.

If you will look up into the sky on any clear winter night, you can see him. Just before him is his dog. We call it the Dog Star.

THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS

The Sun and the Moon had a brother, the Summer Wind. His name was Hermes, but sometimes he was called Mercury.

He had shoes with wings on them, which always took him very quickly wherever he wished to go, and he had a magic cap which kept him from being seen.

He ran on errands for his father and his older brothers. He went everywhere, and he often picked up things that lay in his way, and that didn't belong to him.

One day, when he was a small child, he crept down to the seaside and there found the shell of a tortoise.

He stretched some strings tightly across it, and blew upon the strings, and made wonderful music.

He called this thing a lyre.

On the same day, toward evening, he looked across the meadows and saw some beautiful white cows. His brother Apollo was looking after them.

"What fun it would be to drive those cows away!" he said.

So he crept up behind the cows while Apollo was not looking, and he drove them away. He drove them far, and at last shut them up in a cave, where he thought Apollo could not find them.

Apollo saw that the cows were gone, and went to look for them, but he had a hard time.



He thought that Hermes might have had something to do with them. So he went to Hermes.

Hermes was playing upon the lyre which he had made, and was singing gently to himself.

The music was so beautiful that Apollo forgot all about his cows.

"Where did you find that wonderful thing?" asked Apollo.

"O, I made it," said Hermes.

"Let me see it!" cried Apollo.
"Show me how to play upon it."

Hermes showed him, and Apollo sat down and played until it grew dark.

"O, give me this thing! I must have it," said Apollo.

So Hermes gave it to him, and Apollo played upon it, gently at first, and then louder. He made such wild, sweet music as had never before been heard.

To pay for the lyre, Apollo gave Hermes a magic stick which would bring sleep to men and would stop all quarreling.

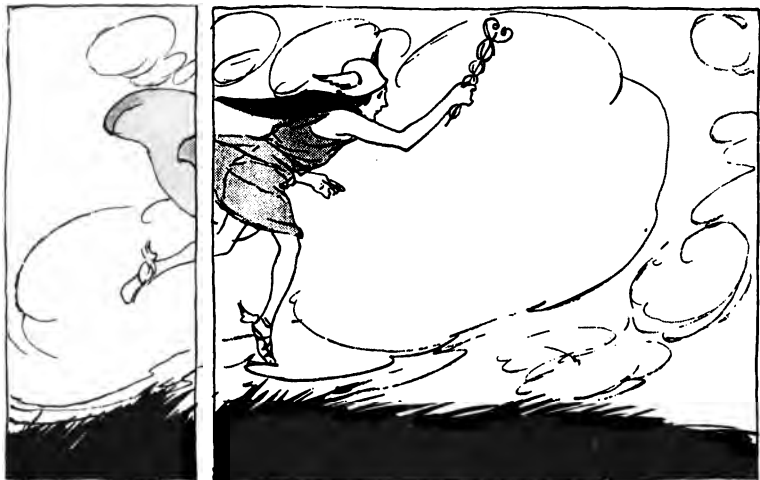
One day Hermes saw two snakes

fighting. He touched them with the magic stick, and they stopped at once and wound themselves around it, and stayed there ever after.

In the pictures of Hermes you will see this magic stick with the snakes around it. You will see, too, the cap and the shoes, with the wings upon them.

When Hermes and Apollo had made these gifts to each other, Apollo said:

"Hermes, my dear boy, you like my white cows so well that I am going to let you take care of them. I shall not have much time to take care of cows now, for you know I am learning to play upon the lyre."



Hermes took care of the white cows after that, and on summer days he used to drive them across the blue meadows of the sky.

When the Greeks saw the white clouds running before the wind, they would say:

“It is Hermes driving his cows to pasture.”



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Hermes was so useful that Juno, the queen of the heavens, thought she must have a messenger, too. So she took Iris, a little sky fairy.

Iris lived up among the clouds, and played with the stars, and romped with the little winds.

At night she used to sleep in the silver cradle of the Moon.

Sometimes Apollo, the Sun, took her in his golden car. Sometimes she slipped down to earth with the rain. Sometimes she went to visit her grandfather, the gray old Sea.

Her grandfather was always glad to see her, and when she came down, he would hitch up his white sea horses and drive her over the tops of the waves. What fun that was!

Old grandfather Sea loved Iris very much, and Apollo loved her, and Juno loved her.

No one who saw her could help loving her; she was so bright and beautiful and good.

When Juno sent her down to the earth on errands, the old Sea always wanted her to stay.

But Apollo, the Sun, wanted her, too, and Juno wanted her.

At last the Sun and the Sea and the Air and the Rain all said they would make a bridge for Iris, so that

she might go back and forth more quickly between the earth and the sky, on the errands of Juno.

The Earth brought the colors of all her beautiful flowers—rose, and blue, and violet, and yellow, and orange, and the green of the grass.

The Sea gave silver mist.

The Clouds gave gray and gold.

The Sun himself spun the bridge out of all these colors.

Then he fastened one end of it to the sky and hung a pot of gold on the other end, to keep it from blowing away; and it is said that the pot of gold is still there in the earth at the end of the rainbow bridge.

But no one has ever found it.

POEMS OLD AND NEW

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR

PLAYGROUNDS

In summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass;
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass;

But when the snow is on the ground,
And all the puddles freeze,
I wish that I were very tall,
High up above the trees.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA





SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking
the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream
on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The great stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs,
I guess,
And the gentle moon
is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

A CHILD'S PRAYER

When it gets dark,
the birds and flowers
Shut up their eyes
and say good night;
And God, who loves them,
counts the hours
And keeps them safe
till it gets light.

Dear Father! Count the hours
to-night,
When I'm asleep
and cannot see;
And in the morning
may the light
Shine for the birds
and flowers and me!

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH

PHONETIC TABLES

NOTE TO THE TEACHER. The vocabulary of this book is here rearranged for class drill. This should be given daily until the pupils are able to pronounce at least thirty words per minute either by following the columns or the lines.

In this grade children may be expected to give the reasons for the several vowel sounds herein taught, but should not be required to commit and apply phonetic rules. As the words in a column are generally in the same phonetic group, column drills tend to fix the principle there presented. But in the line drills and in the review tables children must rely upon their own knowledge of the phonetic elements.

Table I consists of monosyllabic words of not more than four letters in which a single consonant precedes a short vowel or in which a short vowel begins the word. There is a column for each vowel.

Table II contains words with two consonants final or initial or both.

Table III introduces vowels made long by final silent *e*.

Table IV is a mixed review with some additional words.

Table V contains long vowel digraphs and *y* equivalent to long *i*, and has a review column of forms ending in *s*.

Tables VI, VII, and VIII contain lists of words illustrating the remaining vowel sounds in frequent use throughout the book.

Table IX presents groups of words taught by analogy. It also illustrates *c*, *g*, and *dg*, followed by silent *e*.

Table X is a review of monosyllables with some additional words.

Table XI teaches words of two syllables with the endings *ing*, short *y*, and *er*; also the elision of *e*. Column five is largely a review.

Table XII presents three columns of words of two syllables illustrating the phonetic principles previously set forth. Column four illustrates the long vowel ending an accented syllable; column five gives final *ed* pronounced as *d* or *t*.

Table XIII, column one, gives *a* and *be* as prefixes and *ful* as a suffix; column two, silent letters; column three, contractions and possessives; column four and column five, unclassified phonetic words.

Table XIV contains unphonetic words or words but partly phonetic.

TABLE I

sad	met	dim	box	sun
ax	yet	dig	fox	cup
bag	wet	bill	top	dug
cap	bell	fit	pop	puff
hand	web	kiss	hop	fun
man	nest	lid	dot	husk
sand	bend	hid	not	dust
camp	felt	lit	got	but
rap	send	rid	pot	must
bad	bent	hit	on	run

TABLE II

rich	drop	still	switch	things
ring	spun	dress	struck	banks
neck	flax	flop	swept	ships
witch	than	fresh	whish	pranks
rank	swim	shell	pluck	wings
hitch	shot	swift	drink	frogs
bank	thin	crept	spent	rocks
such	sled	stand	string	logs
fish	shop	speck	spring	crabs

TABLE III

safe	these	fine	shone	tune
crane	here	white	those	spoke
plate	cave	life	stone	rode
state	shape	pine	hole	rope
spade	flame	side	woke	froze
vale	sale	dine	shore	rove
shake	lake	shine	drove	grove
brave	name	drive	smoke	more

TABLE IV

when	spade	grove	thin	yes
husk	shine	pranks	these	dwelt
ring	smoke	mist	same	drive
must	spent	lent	banks	drove
skin	whish	end	tune	puff
shell	logs	snake	shore	here
witch	white	things	flame	man
drink	gift	melt	frogs	went
drops	elk	stand	pip	spring
thank	still	step	such	crabs
dress	wave	mine	dust	struck

TABLE V

bee	tea	sail	boat	grapes
sweep	each	pain	goat	boats
three	year	rain	road	goats
freeze	bleat	trail	throat	snakes
thee	leaf	plain	cloak	shapes
queer	meat	wait	foam	kites
free	scream	pay	toad	miles
wheel	dream	play	roam	flows
feet	wheat	gray	coat	holes
sweet	feast	bay	soak	seas
need	leaves	sky	goes	years
green	beasts	sly	bow	grows
seek	clear	dry	row	tales
deer	grease	try	show	rains
deep	beads	thy	low	stones
feel	clean	pies	snow	times
week	near	lie	grow	seems
peek	stream	tied	grown	waves
sheet	heat	tried	new	skies
cheese	speaks	cried	knew	Greeks

TABLE VI

far	sharp	sir	nor	burn
car	hard	first	for	hurt
dark	scar	birds	corn	turn
lark	stars	birch	north	burst
barn	marks	skirts	storm	purse
hark	yards	perch	horse	purr

TABLE VII

ball	glass	moo	true	foot
hall	past	shoo	flue	stood
small	grass	room	blew	full
tall	ant	root	chew	put
paw	fast	moose	rude	pull
walk	last	choose	rule	push

TABLE VIII

soft	air	word	cows	sour
toss	hair	words	town	south
moss	fair	worm	brown	round
cross	chair	work	owl	loud
strong	care	works	tower	wound
long	fare	world	flowers	hours

TABLE IX

high	kind	old	ice	rage
light	mind	gold	mice	orange
bright	find	fold	face	hedge
right	grind	hold	place	bridges
night	child	told	peace	head
fright	wild	cold	prince	spread

TABLE X

bars	trail	shore	peace	grass
town	grease	shape	child	talk
rage	dance	swift	tight	blew
drink	room	watch	freeze	stood
struck	fair	clear	flows	birch
smoke	snake	soak	worm	sharp
spade	noise	gray	clouds	bread
south	spoil	world	beasts	hold
strong	counts	small	hitch	shine
grown	harp	wound	white	skirts
queen	quite	storm	bear	true
throat	waves	leaves	care	perch
cried	brown	hedge	cross	burst

TABLE XI

spinning	grassy	never	feeble	Bossy
mumbling	woolly	summer	uncles	every
hunting	ferry	rivers	needles	gipsy
pecking	stormy	owner	castle	Bobby
barking	funny	sister	bottle	kippy
hanging	happy	whiskers	little	Jippy
filling	sandy	blower	purple	Jimmy
shaking	empty	dinner	puddles	Fanny
passing	ugly	gather	gentle	valley
shining	sorry	pitcher	beaten	lilies
trembling	marry	silver	golden	fairies
sitting	greeny	hunter	gardens	teasing
tacking	thirsty	otters	wooden	evening
living	angry	thunder	maiden	perching
begging	lily	farmer	given	camel
driving	lonely	winter	frozen	jewel
camping	merry	slumber	hidden	kernels
swimming	hurry	hither	frighten	ragged
growing	gently	either	happen	scolded
bubbling	weedy	neither	broken	floated

TABLE XII

until	errands	snowflakes	secret	saved
arrows	cowslip	boatman	faded	seemed
billows	seaside	sunbeams	waded	turned
swallow	jackals	moonbeams	table	tired
yellow	carried	thousand	blazes	twirled
shadow	forests	rainbow	tigers	growled
hollow	princess	wampum	tulip	happened
maybe	hundred	housetops	roses	rubbed
basket	hemlock	ourselves	lady	grumbled
magic	insects	shepherd	music	surprised
flowers	forgot	wigwam	quiet	drowned
timid	within	merchants	giant	tangled
visit	himself	bonfires	baby	roared
sunset	window	darkness	finer	used
spirit	appear	strangest	wider	showed
ashes	indeed	playgrounds	cradle	brushed
voices	forget	dreamland	stories	dropped
daisies	outside	sunstruck	going	stretched
linen	herself	perhaps	open	romped
coral	mistake	married	Iris	slipped

TABLE XIII

ago	knew	I've	God	fluttering
arise	comb	I'll	Ellen	passenger
around	climb	I'm	Juno	woodcutter
ashamed	lambs	it's	Hermes	hollyhock
across	lambkins	we'll	Orion	umbrellas
ashore	wrens	you'll	Diana	bumblebee
along	wrong	you've	Childe	lackaday
afraid	answered	you're	Jeremy	shivering
aboard	sword	they'll	Mercury	everything
among	honest	they're	Indian	everywhere
Apollo	autumn	did n't	suddenly	shepherdess
belongs	fastened	don't	overtops	elephants
before	fighting	who'll	different	buffaloes
beyond	tightly	have n't	coconut	everybody
because	ought	does n't	violet	messenger
beneath	fought	won't	should n't	Rowland
beside	brought	ladies'	mammy's	Limberkin
became	taught	she's	myself	Tom Tit Tot
useful	naughty	there's	polite	Artemis
faithful	daughter	dolly's	speckled	Thursday

TABLE XIV

son	elves	prayer	building	wonderful
fro	eyes	colors	together	hovering
sure	to-day	touched	quarrel	to-morrow
blood	floor	instead	eleven	shoulders
meant	rolled	months	dreadful	everywhere
heard	skeins	obeyed	feathers	blossomed
guess	fruit	twelve	to-night	neighbors
warm	built	toward	island	hastening
love	ribbon	beggar	monkey	steadily
dove	above	fortune	youngest	pictures
field	pearls	voyage	seasons	overhead
piece	forth	country	diamonds	grandfather
view	ready	coming	chimney	wherever
buy	acorn	enough	pasture	pleasant
folk	friend	anyway	backward	sugar cane
both	idly	ancient	forward	learning
does	ghosts	halfway	prairie	covered
earth	often	loving	trouble	beautiful
lyre	sailor	pretty	anybody	prettier
lose	ocean	heaven	nobody	Englishman

WORD LIST

This list does not include words used in Book One. The numeral before each group refers to the page on which the words first appear.

11. Childe	20. himself	25. those	31. work
Rowland	hall	meant	32. try
princess	gold	soft	33. brought
name	silver	26. herself	34. together
Ellen	diamonds	27. spinning	hunting
ball	shone	mumbling	queer
12. elves	sad	to-day	hole
dark	21. turned	heard	nimmy
tower	stone	spun	I'm
far	golden	skeins	35. table
13. youngest	22. floor	28. fine	because
14. sword	free	eleven	36. never
things	noise	months	37. lambkins
15. country	outside	every	grassy
head	fee-fi-fo-fum	year	banks
speaks	blood	29. anyway	pranks
16. drop	Englishman	everything	woolly
thirsty	fought	30. room	feet
forget	23. enough	wheel	watch
eyes	bottle	flax	bleat
knew	24. hand	before	38. ferry
18. around	sister	goes	across
each	left	31. twirled	boatman
20. dim	25. Tom Tit Tot	window	you've
light	hard	guess	purse
seemed	daughter	pay	I'll

- | | | | |
|-------------|-------------|---------------|----------------|
| 38. step | 42. bridges | 54. cloak | 64. wider |
| boat | pretty | care | view |
| 39. coral | bow | 55. warm | spread |
| sailor | heaven | 56. ant | wings |
| ashore | overtops | dove | 65. hark |
| white | road | leaf | basket |
| dig | earth | blew | kippy |
| nor | 43. paw | shore | peek |
| pluck | woke | 58. lark | maybe |
| feeble | 44. saved | nest | funny . |
| insects | life | field | learning |
| stormy | 45. honest | owner | secret |
| 40. swallow | ax | 59. neighbors | speckled |
| sun-loving | woodcutter | uncles | 66. Jeremy |
| summer | stood | 60. yet | covered |
| 41. wrens | 46. kind | ourselves | growled |
| hedge | sir | 61. shadow | sly |
| building | 47. Mercury | piece | Limberkin |
| perching | met | meat | dreadful |
| pecking | 49. crane | 63. grapes | scream |
| fluttering | throat | sweet | dream |
| everywhere | bill | hanging | 67. snowflakes |
| 42. sail | 51. town | still | feathers |
| rivers | visit | high | filling |
| ships | mice | don't | air |
| clouds | 52. rich | sour | they're |
| sky | barking | fit | shaking |
| prettier | music | 64. birds | swift |
| than | 53. safe | north | love |
| these | 54. quarrel | south | we'll |

- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| 67. kiss | 75. monkey | 86. mine | 90. hid |
| true | hurt | past | felt |
| 68. hollyhock | pain | hundred | push |
| bend | 76. tied | miles | strong |
| need | 77. spent | 87. seaside | cold |
| dolly's | box | wooden | blower |
| tea | fastened | spade | child |
| acorn | lid | sandy | 91. timid |
| plate | 78. floated | empty | afraid |
| feast | round | cup | coconut |
| state | rolled | rain | shot |
| 69. pine | magic | umbrellas | 92. running |
| valley | wherever | 88. autumn | 93. answered |
| beautiful | 79. castle | vale | elephants |
| needles | gardens | bonfires | tigers |
| green | merchants | smoke | 94. buffaloes |
| 70. leaves | built | trail | deer |
| happened | 80. showed | pleasant | jackals |
| passing | 81. ribbon | flowers | 95. first |
| shining | 82. whiskers | blazes | show |
| 71. carried | rubbed | gray | 97. husk |
| glass | drove | seasons | fruit |
| 72. perhaps | 83. swim | bright | 98. top |
| 74. happy | 84. mind | 89. toss | place |
| 75. faithful | frogs | kites | both |
| beasts | 85. brown | ladies' | wrong |
| seek | sand | skirts | root |
| fortune | flows | grass | string |
| along | either | loud | side |
| teasing | 86. foam | 90. different | 99. owl |

- | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 99. among | 108. dry | 112. pitcher | 123. marry |
| stand | ki-hi | gift | yards |
| 100. does | 109. shivering | jewel | 124. lent |
| 102. camel | roam | scolded | horse |
| sugar cane | won't | sorry | 125. switch |
| crabs | until | 113. roses | 126. rode |
| waded | pip | pearls | comb |
| 103. have n't | pop | 114. send | 128. boo-oo-oo |
| 104. dinner | flippety | Fanny | roared |
| 105. deep | flop | myself | tired |
| feel | ready | 115. grumbled | 130. sale |
| 106. bumblebee | clear | lady | 132. to-morrow |
| tulip | gather | 116. polite | grease |
| mistake | chimney | snake | 134. rage |
| lake | row | toad | 135. greeny |
| 107. Bobby | hop | spoke | bay |
| barn | 110. kernels | 117. prince | tacking |
| Bossy | sharp | 118. surprised | island |
| lackaday | yellow | married | beneath |
| who'll | small | 119. sitting | ought |
| shoo | burst | evening | aboard |
| drive | shake | same | drowned |
| moo | steadily | 120. week | ocean |
| mammy's | backward | Thursday | billows |
| 108. Jippy | forward | 121. bell | 136. fare |
| Jimmy | you'll | ring | passenger |
| logs | low | 122. bent | voyage |
| wet | 111. ugly | 123. coat | sheet |
| thin | spring | trouble | 137. wound |
| crept | 112. indeed | witch | living |

- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|----------------|-------------|
| 137. tune | 145. fresh | 153. thunder | 163. linen |
| naughty | clean | voices | fair |
| cross | brushed | 155. peace | shop |
| rude | 146. hair | given | buy |
| tangled | 147. rainbow | grown | should n't |
| spoil | faded | tall | 164. web |
| 138. scar | stars | near | everybody |
| quiet | 148. forgot | baby | swept |
| wigwam | neck | taught | finer |
| Indian | elk | 156. lily | neither |
| moose | wampum | ago | 165. worm |
| maiden | used | stories | farmer |
| marks | spirit | halfway | son |
| snow | shoulders | shape | 166. hours |
| sled | obeyed | 157. became | nobody |
| ice | 149. belongs | lonely | grow |
| 139. brave | ashamed | plain | 167. winter |
| hunter | 150. rocks | prairie | froze |
| wonderful | cave | 158. wild | 168. melt |
| choose | twelve | toward | frozen |
| 140. sunset | otters | 159. blossomed | coming |
| end | camp | lilies | 169. idly |
| angry | foot | 160. beggar | fro |
| ashes | 151. climb | ragged | pasture |
| 141. shell | hollow | begging | merry |
| beads | middle | 161. friend | housetops |
| dress | struck | dust | sweep |
| 142. skin | 152. dug | lose | shepherd |
| 145. broken | 153. mist | stream | driving |
| birch | storm | 163. bee | hastening |

- | | | | |
|-------------|---------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 169. within | 172. sure | 177. word | 189. soak |
| fold | suddenly | instead | chew |
| hurry | puff | rid | hemlock |
| beyond | whish | 178. hit | rank |
| 170. shine | 173. daisies | speck | growing |
| trembling | overhead | swimming | weedy |
| bars | dot | 180. Hermes | cowslip |
| darkness | often | cap | purple |
| slumber | arise | errands | bubbling |
| 171. ghost | there's | 181. stretched | dine |
| fairies | skies | tightly | 190. playgrounds |
| lit | she's | fun | thousand |
| tales | dropped | 184. quarreling | moss |
| dwell | 174. giant | fighting | lie |
| forgotten | Greeks | touched | forests |
| ancient | car | themselves | puddles |
| 172. quite | heat | 186. useful | freeze |
| strangest | arrows | messenger | above |
| folk | sunbeams | Juno | 191. thy |
| anybody | sun-struck | Iris | dreamland |
| flue | gently | romped | thee |
| rove | 175. Apollo | cradle | lambs |
| gypsy | harp | slipped | gentle |
| camping | lyre | grandfather | shepherdess |
| grove | Artemis | 187. hitch | 192. prayer |
| hither | Diana | waves | God |
| hidden | 176. pictures | 188. forth | counts |
| flame | moonbeams | colors | to-night |
| hovering | new | violet | |
| appear | Orion | orange | |

